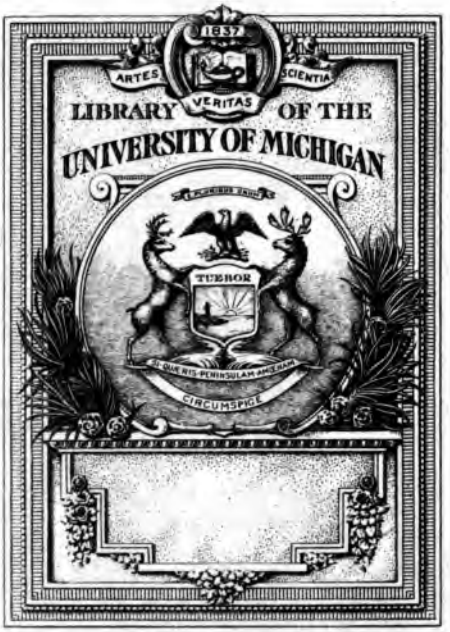
INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF EDITORS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Incidents in the Lives of Editors

Collected and Published by

ARTHUR SCOTT WHITE

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty

DESIGNED AND PRODUCED BY
THE WHITE PRINTING COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

DEDICATION

TO

MR. *and* MRS. ERNEST H. STOWE

On behalf of myself and the veteran editors of Grand Rapids, I inscribe this little book to you as an appreciation of the generous hospitality we have enjoyed at your home and the many kindly acts you have extended to our members. Please accept this dedication as a testimonial of our esteem.

Arthur Scott White

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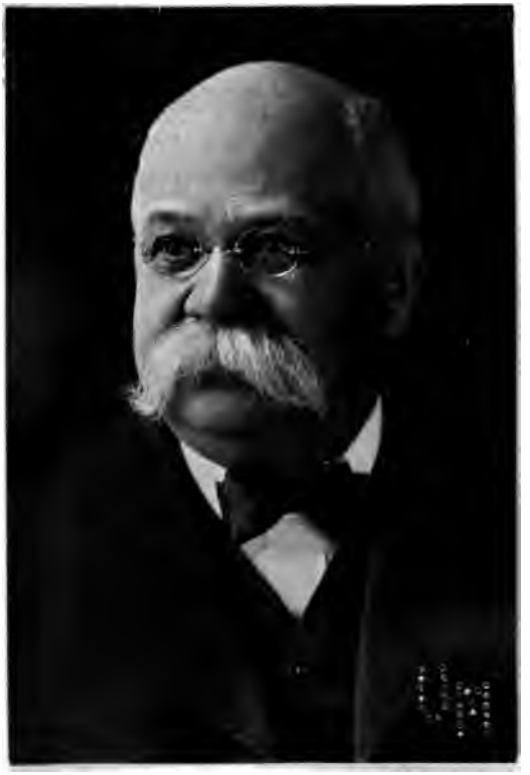

Arthur Scott White

Prefatory

The architect of this publication requested his friend of many years, Ernest A. Stowe, to write a few lines as an introduction to the pages that follow. His reply: "Your request imposes upon me the hardest and most pleasant task ever assigned me. I never wrote an introduction in my life. If you had asked me to write an essay on matches or molasses or prepare a dissertation on ten penny nails, I would have responded with alacrity, but when it comes to writing an introduction to a book such as you have mapped out, I am 'poor indeed'."

Mr. Stowe never "damns with faint praise". If he has respect for, and confidence in, the integrity of an individual, he says so with a full orchestral accompaniment. An individual he distrusts is an object of pity. Mr. Stowe's introduction captioned "A Labor of Love" follows:

"The nestor of Grand Rapids journalism requests me to write an introductory page for the splendid collection of personal reminiscenses which he has gathered with scrupulous care and edited with a fondness which approaches affection. I do not agree with Mr. White that such a compendium requires any introduction, any more than Mr. White needs an introduction to the people of Grand Rapids. He has labored many long and weary years for the upbuilding of our city and state and has every reason to feel gratified over the success he has achieved and the victories he has won. "At" White is one of the historic landmarks of the Valley City. His charity and good will toward others is boundless. The calls upon his services have been countless, but he has always responded promptly and cheerfully. Those who owe him debts of gratitude in this city are legion. This booklet, original in conception and bold in execution, is only one of many proofs of his loyalty and devotion to the profession he has always aimed to serve with fidelity and the city he has honored by devoting the best years of his life to her expansion and upbuilding.

ERNEST A. STOWE.

William M. Hathaway's Many and Varied Experiences

by WILLIAM M. HATHAWAY

My friend of sixty-three years has written for this booklet a very interesting sketch of his newspaper life. Probably nobody living in the state of Michigan employed as a newspaper writer has had a longer and more varied experience than he. Mr. Hathaway is living on a farm near Ada, Mich., and has full employment for his strength in the care of cattle and honey bees. His experiences, as described by himself follow:

"Like yourself and many others of the craft, I entered it thru the print shop. Born in 1839 on a farm one-half mile west of the cross-roads one store village of Mooreville, Washtenaw county. I was the youngest of ten, and the only survivor. In the spring of 1856 I footed it to Ann Arbor and secured a job as printer's "devil" in the office of the Argus, owned by Elihu B. Pond, one of the noblest of men. You (A. S. W.) at the same time were a "devil" in the Journal office, next door, on the same floor. My first experience as an editor was in 1868, when Mr. Pond went to Lansing as the sole Democratic senator, leaving me in charge of the local, business and editorial paragraph departments, he sending leaders, etc., by mail. An incident I recall was the conviction of one Fuller of numerous burglaries and awaiting sentence; on circumstantial evidence developed at trials he was later convicted and sentenced for life to Jackson for the mysterious midnight murder of a wealthy resident on "Piety Hill' near his own home on his return from a trip to Detroit. Later a motion for a new trial was argued before Judge Lawrence, and, pending decision, the Argus, in a paragraph said "undoubtedly a new trial will be granted, as it certainly ought to be, owing to the flimsy evidence and the great public excitement at the trial."

Within an hour I was haled before the judge, on a bench warrant for contempt, and had some

difficulty in making my peace, and convincing the court that county clerk Barry had not "leaked" to me the remarks of the judge to him regarding the coming decision. A new trial was granted and years later it was shown by a deathbed confession that Fuller was innocent. Ten years later Judge Lawrence, in Jackson, admitted me "to practice law in all the courts of Michigan".

I at once opened shop at Rochester, Oakland county, Michigan, with M. C. Burch, now an ex-judge, as a partner. In September '59 I entered the Ann Arbor High School, Mr. Pond having cut six months from my apprenticeship and promised me work as "jour" to pay way. I had taken summer lessons in Greek and Latin; thanks to the Mooreville district school I was in all else prepared for the university. I set out to prepare in one year and in June, 1860, passed examinations and then collapsed. A doctor said I had ruined my health by overstudy and work—that I would die of consumption if I did not let up. I got well enough by fall to take a winter school at Hartland Center, at $26.00 a month and board around. In the spring of 1861 I returned by stage to Ann Arbor and heard the drums beating in the court yard and recruits enrolling in the first three months regiment. The city was ablaze with excitement over the fall of Sumter, the first conflict of the long civil war. The local company was more than full but I enlisted in the first three year (Ann Arbor) company and went into camp with the regiment at Fort Wayne near Detroit. I was thrown out by the United States mustering officer as "under hight, under weight and lung difficulty." They were less particular later.

In the fall of '61 I became the principal of a two-grade school in Washtenaw county, and in June '62, started as a "Japhet in Search of Health", working for brief periods in Jackson, Detroit, Toledo, Silver Creek, Trumansburg, Lockport, N. Y., and so on to New York city, and after a couple of months on the Tribune, to Antwerp, Belgium, where I made a "poor fist" as a compositor on a French daily, "La Precurseur". To London, in the spring of 1863, where I worked on "Sporting Life", and other papers, and in book offices, at 10d per 1,000 Ns, mak-

ing at intervals foot trips to various noted places—Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, Canterbury and Dover, usually with Egbert P. Hazard, a Central American consul out of a job in London by reason of the overthrow of the government he represented, returning by train to London where I always kept lodgings. By cheap excursions I also visited Paris, up the Rhine to Cologne, and to the Isle of Wight. This last was a Sunday excursion and it proved to be the memorable day when the Kearsarge sank the Alabama, off Cherbourg. The roar and smoke of the cannon were audible and visible and I could see with a glass part of the cruisers' "tops". I saw the British yacht "Reindeer" with Semmes aboard—picked up when his ship went down—steam past us for London. Next day all the London dailies had "scare heads", for the first time, so far as I know.

During my sojourn in London I saw the great wedding procession of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, also the ovation to Garibaldi, and heard the debate in commons on the resolution of want of confidence in the Palmerston ministry on the Schleswig-Holstein question. The opposition under the leadership of Disraeli insisted that the Liberal government had encouraged Denmark to resist with arms the demands of Germany for Schleswig-Holstein territory and then flunked, tho France was ready to join England in aid of Denmark. From the "stranger's gallery" I heard the speeches of Palmerston, Gladstone, John Bright, Disraeli, Roebuck, Halburton (Sam Slick), Kinglake (author of "Eothen" and "Crimean War") Ledyard, the explorer and others less notable. It was a night to remember. At daylight the house divided and Disraeli's resolution lost. Bright's was the only speech comparable to the best American legislative oratory. Disraeli's was stilted; Palmerston's jerky; Gladstone's forcible but not fluent, and nearly all speakers hemmed and hawed and when thru dropt on their benches like a shot and clapt on their plug hats as if it were all important to get under cover. My Jersey friend, Van Wagner, and myself, had arranged with one Wilson (a parliamentary reporter and a fellow lodger) to furnish us with passes to

the reporters' gallery. "Follow your nose", he said, "straight thru Westminster Hall. If you hesitate guards will demand your passes. Send your cards to me by the usher at the foot of the stairs and I will send passes." The usher brought word that Wilson was not on duty. We went back, sat down and I scanned the faces of chatting members. Selecting a promising mark I stated the case and our wish as Americans to hear the great debate. "We have only two passes each," he said, "and I've given out mine, but I'll see what I can do." He went the rounds of the lobby and came back with a paper slip 5 x 2 inches on which was written "Ledyard." "Wait a bit," he said, "I'll see what I can do in the house," but soon came back and said: "I can't get another. You must make one do for both." "But how?" I asked. "Oh, it will not do for me to say, but as you got here without passes you ought to make one pass do for both." Folding the pass to show both ends, Van a little in front, I asked the guard a question about getting seats, Van meanwhile going up. When I presented my pass the guard said: "But your friend? His pass?" "I'm not responsible for him because he came with me," I replied, and passed up. The guard followed but Van had lost himself far away. Kinglake it was, I later learned, who gave me the pass.

My London reminiscences would greatly lack did I not allude to the unique democratic and cosmopolitan public discussion halls so numerous in the big city. I know of nothing like them elsewhere. Cogers' hall, in Shoe lane, just off Fleet street near St. Paul's, and Temple Forum, just inside Temple bar, corner of Fleet street and a narrow court leading back a few rods to Temple church, and its little yard where Goldsmith and other celebrities lie under horizontal slabs, are typical and most noted. They are, so far as programs and discussions go, under the management of loosely organized societies, but the assembly room itself, perhaps best described as a large restaurant in the rear of a publice house (English for saloon), is furnished free with heat and light by the proprietor, who gets his profit from the food and drink served. No fee is charged to these nightly discussions, but everyone

is expected to order something to eat or drink "for the good of the house" and tip the waiter with a penny. Some of the most interesting discussions and debates I ever heard were in Cogers' hall and Temple Forum, where I often spent my evenings when at liberty. The capacity of these halls is about 150. The programs for debate, mostly political, but at times literary, social, economic, were posted one week ahead. But the chances were about even that the stated program for the night would be postponed and some important question raised by the day's news substituted therefor by suggestion of the chairman or by vote of all present upon a motion made from the floor. These halls were greatly frequented by strangers in London. Whatever news event the dailies might bring from any corner of the world there was almost sure to be in these halls one or more to interpret its significance. I not infrequently saw in the London dailies editorials based upon the discussions and interpretations in these halls of faraway happenings. The halls are certainly great social as well as unique educational institutions.

The library and reading room of the London Society of Compositors, with its wealth of volumes and world-wide journals, I also frequented. To it, as to not a few other advantages, my typo union card, which I still hold, tho I haven't touched type for thirty years, was an "open sesame".

I returned to New York in the fall of '64 and worked on the Tribune. In December I went to Bermuda to work on the Royal Gazette, in Hamilton. I had the yellow fever but recovered and returned to New York in the spring, went to Ann Arbor and worked on the Ann Arbor Journal, E. C. Seaman, proprietor. In the absence of Seaman President Johnson made his first break with congress by vetoing the reconstruction bill. Altho the Journal was a Republican paper I wrote a leader sustaining the veto and Seaman sanctioned it. Soon after I went to Detroit and subbed for a time on the Daily Post, of which Carl Schurz was the chief editor, and later I became its news editor. In 1866 I fell out of a swing in a gymnasium, sprained my right hand and went to Peoria on leave of ab-

sence. On my return I found a change of management and my job filled. Then I went to Jackson and took the city desk of the Citizen, then to Rochester to practice law, later to Cassopolis to continue practice, and in 1872 I went to work on the Grand Rapids Times, of which "Stern" Wheeler was the editor and A. B. Tozer a compositor. Wheeler soon retired and I succeeded him. On Greeley's nomination for president I brought the paper to his support. In 1873 I became associated with D. N. Foster in the editorship of the Saturday Evening Post As a writer of "Town Talk" a conception of Mr. Foster, I wrote drastic criticisms of the abuses existing in the civic life of Grand Rapids the dailies did not care or dare to touch. Among the social evils attacked were Bradford's gambling house, adjoining the police headquarters, Smith's opera house, the imposition of monthly fines upon keepers and inmates of baudy houses (practically a license system) long ago abolished. Next I went to Port Huron to work as editor of the Times, while the owner (Stone) was in Lansing as secretary of the senate. Returning to Grand Rapids in 1875 I worked on the Times and Post. In 1877 I was the editor of the Palladium, at Richmond, Ind., and returned to Grand Rapids in 1879 to become editor of the Democrat, with Messmore & Stevens. I continued work on that paper after its sale to Frank W. Ball had been made until 1884 and served four years as a trustee of the school board. I edited Ike Dygert's paper, the Workman, from '84 till '91, advocating free trade, the single tax, equal suffrage and the interests of trade unionism, and also furnished editorials for the Democrat and Leader. I opposed the sale of the city water works to the Hydraulic company, and the Workman was the only paper that did. I got the Democrat into hot water thru editorials urging imprisonment rather than death by the rope of the Chicago anarchists on the ground of the lack of proof to warrant their conviction. Governor Altgelt pardoned Felden and all whose death sentences were commuted by reason of this lack, and wrong rulings by Judge Gary. With W. J. Sproat, in 1894, founded (and foundered a few months later) a new daily—the Grand Rapids Morn-

ing Dispatch. Later I returned to the Democrat, the Post and the News under various managements, remaining until I quit newspaper work, eight years ago.

Mr. Hathaway is the originator of simplicity in spelling, capitalization and punctuation. His system is preserved in the foregoing.

Newspaper Life is Eventful

by GEORGE B. CATLIN

Dear Mr. White: I am complimented by your remembrance of me as a former newspaper worker in the Grand Rapids field, after a lapse of 28 years. Your letter of Sept. 11 came while I was absent on vacation and I have given it the earliest possible attention.

For a moment your request staggered me because the newspaper life is eventful and one day's happenings tends to dull the remembrance of the events of the previous day and week, as you well know. I didn't think I could recall a stickful of remembrances of my cub and junior days and I still doubt if I can reel off anything worth the paper consumed, much less the time of a busy man like you. However I will try to reintegrate out of the fog and mist of departed days a few hazy recollections.

My entrance into newspaper work was by the cellar window and back-stairs route, or, in other words as city circulator. In the summer of 1884 Grand Rapids, a dynamic little city of about 35,000 population, was struggling along with only four daily newspapers: The Democrat and Times were the two morning papers and the Eagle and the Leader held the evening field. All of them were necessarily rather so-so in value for when the small town has to support too many newspapers or the poor family too many dogs there is a tendency to general leanness and hungriness and an occasional dismal howl.

Worthy ambitions and high ideals are often quite dissociated from business acumen, and in demonstration of the rule, rather than the exception, along came two excellent and intelligent gentlemen, Hugh MacDowell, formerly associated with a daily paper in Syracuse, N. Y., and Mr. Harford, who I think had been a principal of public schools at Urbana, Ohio. Both were men of character and intelligence, and when they decided to start another morning daily paper in Grand Rapids, making a full poker hand, with no high trumps, I think none could question their courage.

It was presidential campaign year—the memorable and hectic Blaine-Cleveland campaign, when journalistic discretion generally was put in cold storage and the anything-to-win policy ruled rampantly. The heroic proprietors started publication on a shoestring capital. They proposed to issue a high class republican paper in the morning field but lacked the capital to buy an equipment. The second floor of the Rood block adjoining the Arcade was rented for editorial rooms and a small staff was employed, including Will Innes, Henry Rose, now for many years associated in various capacities with the United States senate in Washington and John D. McIntyre. There may have been another—I think Charles Emerson but am not sure. The paper was printed in Hart's Arcade printing office on an old Cottrell cylinder press.

A newspaper, even a little one, chews up capital like a hungry wolf and the advertisers who must sustain it have to be shown its advertising value. In the natural course of events the publishers soon found themselves hard aground on a lee shore despite the fact that they were making a live paper and whooping it up right lustily for the ticket of the G. O. P. William Alden Smith and the late Prof. C. G. Swensberg took a lively interest in the welfare of the Morning Telegram and when it was in distress they went about among the republican wheel-horses and enthusiasts of the town and procured contributions in exchange for shares of stock. One of the largest contributors was the late D. A. Blodgett. The Taggart brothers and several others also took stock and Mr. Swensberg and William Alden Smith showed the sincerity of their intentions by doing likewise.

The campaign over and enthusiasm chilled by the result, the Morning Telegram found rather hard sledding although the snow came early that fall. The new arrival in the field received no enthusiastic welcome from the older occupants; quite the contrary in fact, but also it refused to curl up and die in obedience to the suggestions of its rivals. Circulation came slowly and advertising demands legitimate paid circulation or it will neither play nor pay. In another misguided moment the proprietors,

heaven knows why, came to me, the most obscure young man in the city and offered me the circulation of the Morning Telegram with entire control, on condition that I would buy the papers direct from the press, paying a cent a copy, and that I work up a circulation and collect 12½ cents a week from each subscriber. Up to that time Andy Fyfe had been in charge of the circulation on a salary basis but salaries were hard to pay and Andy was too wise a bird to take so slim a chance. A few days before I took charge of the circulation Eugene D. Conger, just graduated from Swensberg's business college came to the Telegram as bookkeeper and the two of us formed a lasting friendship which I flatter myself, still lingers on both sides although we have seen each other but two or three times during the past quarter of a century.

Harford & MacDowell were finally so hard pressed by the financial needs of their publication that they sold out to Lloyd Bresee, a journalist of the florid, dashing type; with large ambitions and fine ability, but with no more idea of the value of money or the limitations of capital than a child. Brezee made a livelier and better newspaper than the town had previously seen but his expenditures were usually beyond his resources and in the course of time the inevitable happened. Mr. Swensberg conferred with William Alden Smith and Mr. Conger and it was decided that if accommodation could be obtained from the creditors the newspaper, which had changed its name, first to the Telegram-Herald and later to the Morning Herald, could be kept alive and ultimately put on a paying basis. Thereupon Mr. Swensberg endorsed the paper of the concern and E. D. Conger was made manager. After a long, hard struggle the Morning Herald pulled out of the hole and became a prosperous, self-sustaining newspaper. In the summer of 1889 the Herald took over its circulation and I went to work as a reporter and later became city editor. Lewis Miller, long associated with the state legislature as clerk of the Senate and later of the House, was made managing editor. During my incumbency as city editor we had a number of brilliant, budding journalists on the Herald. William Wellington Harris,

now for many years a prominent newspaper man of New York and for a time managing editor of the New York Sun, used to work the hotel beat and do general assignments.

One dark and dismal evening a tall, thin, pale young man came into the Herald office looking for a job. He said his home was in Big Rapids and that he had been teaching school at Martin's station about 40 miles down the G. R. & I. tracks. Somehow school teaching hadn't seemed to be all that he had hoped. The young idea could be trained to shoot, but not well enough to suit this discontented and ambitious pedagogue. He was willing to try anything once and would like to make his next shy at journalism. One could see after a few minutes conversation that he was possessed of a keen, naturally brilliant mind and that he had been an avid student. His pristine shyness was of the sort that would quickly wear off and his modesty would do him no particular harm. He got the job and made so good that it became merely a question as to how long we could keep him.

When I left Grand Rapids in the summer of 1892 to take a job on the Detroit News I kept him in mind and we maintained a correspondence. Next summer when we needed a high class man for the News staff I suggested his employment and was told to have him come to Detroit for a conference. He came, saw and conquered. After remaining several years with the News as a political and editorial writer he went to the Free Press for a short time and was then offered a position in like capacity on the New York World. The late Joseph Pulitzer, in search of new talent, had newspapers from all the larger cities read to him daily and the decision fell upon Frank I. Cobb, who now holds title as editor of the World and ranks as one of the foremost writers of the country. The country school teacher has come into his own, in this instance at least.

There were shining lights on all the Grand Rapids newspapers in those days. Some of us old timers have delightful remembrances of Charles D. Almy who, on my first acquaintance was operating a newstand in the old Eagle Hotel. A lot of us used

to drop in, ostensibly to buy a paper but really to get a fine fresh breeze from Charlie, who was so cheery and kindly and intelligent that he captivated all who came in contact with him. Charlie was presently discovered and became a clerk in Eaton & Lyon's bookstore. Later he became a reporter on the Democrat and afterward went to Chicago where he worked on several papers, became one of the liveliest members of the old "Whitchapel Club" and friend of Brand Whitlock, the McCutcheon boys, George Ade and many others who have become famous. Then he went into the advertising game, but he has been dead about twenty years.

Burridge Butler came into Grand Rapids newspaper work very much in the fashion of Frank Cobb and he also made wonderfully good. Occasionally Burridge's boyish enthusiasm was a little ruthless but he was a born newspaper man, a tremendous worker and an intense partisan. He has had a varied experience in many cities and I believe he has now settled down as a proprietor and is telling the Prairie farmers how to prepare their lands for alfalfa and what to do if their beans insist on pushing themselves right out of the ground a few days after planting. Burridge can do that, or almost anything else, quite impressively.

"Tom" Fletcher was one of the leading newspaper workers of the city and for a long time associated with the Democrat. Tom was a fine judge of copy, a wild Indian with tommiehawk and scalping knife when a fellow tried to spring a fake on him and one of the kindest and most appreciative of editors when a fellow tried to do his best, however stupidly. He is still with you but long retired from the business.

Frank H. Hosford came from Lowell to work on the Times, went from there to the Eagle then to the Free Press in Detroit, then to Washington as correspondent and after that he merged into various political employments. He has been dead several years.

William M. Hathaway was one of the ablest editorial writers of Grand Rapids in those days, and was for a time a member of the board of education.

E. B. Fisher was city editor of the Daily Eagle,

and a familiar figure about town. When we boys of long ago would emerge from the Lyon street end of the Arcade we always looked about for Fisher and his historic and inseparable rain coat. If they were not in sight Lyon street seemed to lack its chief landmark.

I always associate all recollections of the Evening Leader with three men, D. R. Waters, W. B. Weston and L. G. Stuart. Those three were the Leader and they made an excellent newspaper.

One of my very good friends of the old days was John B. Mills, an exceedingly modest,.conscientious, scholarly and able man, who I believe is now associated with the Herald, while L. G. Stuart and another friend of mine, Harry G. Stitt are with the Grand Rapids Press. The Press was started shortly before I left Grand Rapids and after several months of struggling, precarious existence it was sold to George G. Booth, of Detroit, who has made it a newspaper worthy of the city and the state. William J. Sproat was one of the founders of the Press according to my recollection and associated with him was D. R. Waters.

This reminds me that Grand Rapids has held quite a number of newspaper funerals since I left, but none of the deceased can shake their gory locks at me, for I got away before I could do irreparable damage. Frank Boughton was city editor of the Herald when I started work as a reporter. He was shrewd, kindly and capable and continued in the work in one capacity or another for many years, but he also has joined the great majority.

I. M. Weston broke into the newspaper game in the late eighties by purchasing the Democrat. He imported from Milwaukee Col. M. Almy Aldrich, who was a well informed man, and one of the best after dinner speakers and impromptu orators of the town in his day. Have lost all track of him. Mr. Weston imported a number of clever men from Chicago and employed an unusually large staff for Grand Rapids in an attempt to make a metropolitan newspaper, but after several years he found it an unprofitable venture.

Real news used to break for us now and then. In the old days we made juicy scandal stories when

occasion arose; a gruesome murder was big grist for our mill and we used to have fires and disasters worth writing and reading about. In the early eighties there was the break of the big log jam during the spring flood. In spite of all efforts to prevent a break of the jam it slowly pushed the old D. & M. railroad bridge off its abutments and came cavorting down stream with its tail over the dashboard, spouting logs and foam as the water leaped for the lake in its new-found freedom. The old covered Bridge street bridge stood so high that it survived with little damage. Pearl street bridge hung perilously on the verge of collapse with logs lifting the flooring and swaying the whole framework on its foundations. At the supreme moment of peril when the structure seemed tottering to utter collapse we had a few minutes of real thrills. Captain Johnson, the grizzled veteran of the police department, was on horseback at the western end of the bridge and he spurred his steed across it. The beautiful bay animal with eyeballs staring in terror came flying across, with mane erect and tail floating in the wind and on its back, stifly erect, sat the gallant old captain in perfect composure with white moustache bristling grimly and his purple complexion not a shade paler although he knew he was playing a desperate game with a terrible death lurking beneath his feet. The bridge settled back on its foundations and the logs tore along carrying away several sections of the C. & W. M. railway bridge and later doing damage to the Lake Shore bridge far down the stream.

Another real thriller was the burning of the Bissell Carpet Sweeper building one raw winter morning when a north wind with a razor edge was tearing down the river at a rate of 45 miles an hour. Just north of the Bissell building on the river front was a small frame structure and a little way beyond that was a small iron-clad shack that had once been used for storage of some sort. In some way a small blaze started on the north side of the shack. The wind gave the flames the intensity of a blowpipe and in a moment the structure was spouting fire. The small frame building caught and several hundred workers in the carpet-sweeper factory looked

on with keen interest, never thinking that they were in grave peril. Before anyone sensed the danger flames were beating against the windows of the big factory where five stories of kiln-dried kindling wood stuff, with plenty of shavings were waiting to be devoured. The superintendent, Thomas Bedell, sounded an alarm through the building and sent messengers to call everybody out as quickly as possible and a lively stampede followed with quite a number jumping from the lower windows on the south side.

Just as he was about to leave the building himself Bedell happened to remember that two plumbers had been at work on the fifth floor at the rear or river end of the building. He took the elevator up to call them down but just as he reached that floor he saw the two plumbers dive down the stairway at the opposite end, apparently on their way to safety. He paused for another look to see if everybody was out, but as he turned to the elevator to make his descent a column of white-hot flames shot up cutting off escape in that direction. Bedell ran to the stairway at the west end of the building and met another fountain of fire. He had put on his overcoat before going to the top floor and in his overcoat were a pair of heavy gloves. Bedell kicked out a window about midway of the length of the fifth floor and the great crowd below was horrified to see that the man was trapped. The dismal alternative of death by fire or by fall seemed the only things before him. A babel of shouting came up to his ears but Bedell did not hear them as he was playing the greatest thinking part of his life. Many years before according to rumor, he had been a fireman for a short time and had learned a few emergency tricks. In the face of imminent peril he managed to keep his head.

Drawing on his heavy gloves he crawled over the window ledge and let himself downward hanging on by the window sill. The crowd thought he intended to drop from that height of about fifty feet. He paused a moment to steady himself and then let go. As he shot past the window of the fourth floor close to the wall he gave a sudden thrust with both arms driving his gloved hands through the

glass and arresting his fall at the expense of severe laceration. He repeated the trick to the third, the second floor and thence to the ground below landing safely. Those of us who were present will always remember the mighty cheer that went up from that crowd of several thousand people and for the moment the man who had escaped two forms of death by quick thinking and nervy acrobatics seemed in danger of being trampled to death in the rush that followed. The two plumbers were lost in the fire and only a few bones and a fused watchcase were left to tell their story.

Grand Rapids in those days was quite a center of pugilism. Tom O'Donnell, heavyweight champion of the state, kept a saloon on what is now Market street and in the rear he had a small arena where many lively bouts were "pulled off". George and Billy Lavine used to box there as amateurs. A popular local light was "Jimmy Murphy" whose peaceful occupation was juggling trunks for landlord N. C. Johnson at Sweet's Hotel. Jimmy's real name was Sixsmith, according to my recollection, but he was better known by his pugilistic "moniker". He had tremendous hitting power for a man of his weight but was muscle-bound and this made him ineffectual as a boxer. Jimmy laid out a number of ambitious amateurs in such impressive fashion that his backers thought him a "comer" who would arrive at championship honors presently. Just to carry him along a match was made with an unknown stripling who was brought from Detroit or Syracuse under the name Tommy Ryan. The battle was staged at the old Boulevard hotel on Cherry street where wayfarers used to pause to water their horses and go in and see a man. The ball room was crowded with local sports and a few strangers gathered about Ryan's corner of the roped arena. As the two stood up to give battle it looked as if the pale, skinny youth with spindling arms and legs would last about a minute against the sturdy local champion but he proved to be a clever boxer and ring general. For forty rounds they boxed and occasionally the pale kid stranger would dab in a little tap on Murphy's left eye and get away without damage. Murphy rushed and

slugged furiously but his opponent always wiggled out of the way. Murphy's glove would lash the air and the only result would be a loud grunt—from Murphy.

At about the fortieth round the stranger became careless for a moment and Murphy landed a terrific smash "right on the breezer", as an adept spectator located it. Ryan went down and seemed out for an instant but he was on his feet at the count of "nine" and finished the round safely. Meanwhile Murphy's eye had taken on the appearance of an over-ripe tomato being completely closed. Thereafter for seventeen long, weary rounds the two fighters walked around one another, as one party expressed it "one's afraid and the other dassent". Then, the fight being apparently over so far as the fighters were concerned and the crowd having failed to egg them on to further damage, it was called a draw.

Next day about 20 of us were "pinched" and examined before Prosecutor Stuart, afterward superior judge. The prosecution failed to get enough information to warrant legal proceedings and that was the end of the matter. Tommy Ryan a few years later became champion welter weight of the country.

Another fistic battle is only worth mentioning because of a side incident. Tom Kinnaird a local rough-neck, with no skill as a boxer but with the build and intelligence of a rhinoceros and a face that might be termed his misfortune, was matched against a big rough-and-tumble lumber-jack from Alpena. I think his name was Jack Wyman. The affair was staged at the old race track at the southeast corner of South Division and Hall streets. Just to insure getting good seats a large number of sports hurried out an hour or two ahead of time. They found a couple of polite quick-change men at the ticket-house window by the gate and they held everybody up for $2 a seat, "pick your own place in the grandstand." About 200 men secured these early seats and ranged themselves as close to the ring as possible. After a weary wait the fighters, their backers and managers arrived to inform the early birds that they had been neatly trimmed as the early money takers had no connection with the

affair and everybody would have to go outside and pay their way in once more. The remarks that followed were somewhat heated but they all went out and some of them spent the rest of the afternoon seeking their despoilers outside while the majority paid again but spent more time looking for the swindlers than at the fight, which lasted only three rounds and ended in a knockout after a regular shanghai exhibition of boxing.

To go back to the newspaper workers I have to recall Clarence Cotton, who afterward came to the Journal in Detroit, then became Mayor Maybury's secretary and still later became an expert in municipal affairs. The last I knew of him he was secretary of the board of trade in Providence, R. I.

Joe Emery was another old timer, on the Democrat. One night Tom Fletcher sent Joe away up Ottawa street back of the Oriel Furniture Company to a fire which looked like a whale. Joe returned about midnight with the report that it was "just an old barn full of hay". Tom told him to make a town-talk of it or a brief item. Next morning the Herald came out with more of a story in which the main feature was the suffocation of a drunken tramp who had gone to sleep in the hay after a meditative smoke which had probably caused the fire. Tom went after Joe fiercely for not mentioning the main fact but Joe, fresh in the field, refused to admit that the death of a mere hobo was of the slightest interest to the readers or importance in the story. Emery later became an Associated Press correspondent in Detroit and elsewhere.

I might go on indefinitely with this evolution of cold, dead air and revival of fading memories, recalling some of the gruesome "Crowner's Quests" and other things that came along in the day's work, but—what's the use? I have written all this merely in evidence of good intentions and proof of inability to recall anything worth while.

Having started the endless chain I cannot stop the steady stream of faces that bob up into view, and would not if I could, but I must spare you.

Here I have left out one of the most picturesque and captivating figures of all—our whimsical genius, "Micky Finn" son of "The Parnell House by

P. Finn" near the old northend D. & M. depot. He has been manager of the Temple Theatre in Rochester, N. Y., for twenty years and more, after a brief but interesting career in Detroit. Under coercion and duress Micky can occasionally be pressed into a poker game, but it is safer to let him go his peaceful way.

There are Harry Creswell, Harvey Brown, Charlie Peck, Burt Hall and, as I said, an endless stream. I must stop somewhere and almost anywhere is a good place.

George McIntyre, a corking all-around newspaper man, is now a resident of Detroit, but is in another line of business.

"The Noblest Roman of Them All"

by DAVID N. FOSTER

As a young man, in the fifties of the last century, I was in the habit of crossing over from New York to Brooklyn Sunday evenings to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach. Beecher was a forward-looker—about seventy-five years in advance of his day and generation. Under his tutelage I came to believe that the possession merely of superior brute strength was no reason why men should arrogate to themselves the exclusive right to govern the country.

Shortly after I established the Saturday Evening Post, in 1873, the Michigan legislature submitted the question of women suffrage to the voters of the state. Fortunately, my associate editor, Wm. M. Hathaway, was of one mind with me on this issue. He advised our making a vigorous fight in favor of extending the ballot to women on the same terms as that under which it was enjoyed by men. At once The Post took such an aggressive and positive stand on the question that it was made a sort of state organ of the suffragists and that resulted in giving it added prestige and a state-wide circulation.

In that campaign we had two very dissimilar organizations against us—the church and the saloon. In Grand Rapids Rev. J. Morgan Smith led the opposition on the part of the churches and The Post had many a sharp tilt with him through its columns and those of the daily press.

The difficult question the state committee had to decide was how far it was advisable to allow the prominent suffrage leaders of the country to come into the state and take an active part in the campaign. Against these there was a tremendous prejudice in the public mind. They had been unmercifully ridiculed and abused, had been accused of being free lovers and of harboring an intention to disrupt the family life of the nation; they had been mobbed and rotten-egged. We finally decided it

would be an injury to our cause to have them come among us, and I was asked to break that information to them as gently as I could. I especially call to mind the reply of Susan B. Anthony, "the noblest Roman of them all". It ran about in this way—"Paul said, 'If eating meat makes my brother to offend, then I will eat no meat.' I am only concerned in serving our cause. If keeping us out of the state will strengthen our cause, keep us out; if at any time you think we can help you we will hardly wait long enough to pack our grip. It is less important that our feelings be not hurt than that our cause should suffer."

The weeks of the campaign wore on. We had no money with which to conduct it and we were not making much progress. The saloons saw that the church opposition was well financed, while keeping in the background themselves, for the same reason that we were keeping out the suffrage leaders. Then Miss Anthony wrote me she feared we were making a mistake, that few meetings were being held and the voters were not being reached; did we not think she could help us. I wrote her we had no money to finance outside speakers. She replied, "Let me get into the campaign; I will hire my own halls and pay all my own expenses; just tell me I can come."

We knew we were beaten anyway, and so we granted our consent. Within a week she put new life into the campaign. Everywhere she spoke the halls would not hold the crowds which flocked to hear her. After her address she told the audience she was financing her own trip through the state, that she had no money of her own to meet expenses and that she must rely on her audiences for support. Then ushers passed the hat and she not only succeeded in getting money enough to pay expenses and hall rent, but rubbed it on us by contributing a surplus to our treasury.

Much of the good showing we finally made at the election we attributed to her work. Now that the women of the country have full citizenship they ought to build a monument to Susan B. Anthony to reach the skies.

Cotton Says Fletcher Gave Young Reporters "A Show"

by CLARENCE A. COTTON

I will never forget my many interesting experiences as a "cub reporter" on the old Grand Rapids Democrat with the staff of which I became identified as its youngest and least experienced member in August, 1888. Mr. Frank W. Ball was then proprietor of that influential morning newspaper.

All who remember the personnel of Grand Rapids newspaper circles in those days will agree that my experiences must have been interesting when I state our beloved friend Tom Fletcher was Managing Editor, William M. Hathaway was the Editorial writer and Will J. Sproat was the City Editor. "Hath" (as we all called him) had his desk in the outer office where I seldom dared to disturb him. My desk was just inside the door to the inner sanctum, while the Managing Editor sat nearby between a telephone and the copy-chute down which was fired manuscript to the composing room on the floor below. About 11 o'clock one night shortly after I got my job, a very dignified gentleman whose name I did not then know, but whom I afterward learned was a highly respected citizen, loomed up in the doorway and very politely inquired of Fletcher if he would not publish a correction of a certain error which had appeared in a previous edition. Tom had just returned from his evening lunch, and I was amazed to hear him reply as he was lighting his pipe:

"I am very sorry that we cannot accommodate you, my good man; but don't you see, it is our inflexible rule that corrections must always appear in the same edition as the error. Too bad you didn't get around yesterday."

The caller expostulated at this unusual revelation, but was unable to make any progress with his argument.

In those days Chancellor White, who I believe has long since gone to his reward, was known as the "obituary Editor". All who resided in Grand

Rapids then will recall his great avoirdupois and will involuntarily draw a mental picture of him with his high hat, which he seemed always to have on his head, stout walking stick and a bundle of manuscript and other papers he invariably had under his arm. He came in nearly every night to inquire who had died since his previous call. When he did not have all the data concerning the deceased in his memory he would go over to his office on Monroe street and return shortly with an article which could be relied upon. Then he would remind us that he could be found at White's Drug Store, then on the Morton House corner, or Frank Chapin's Lunch Room, at any minute up to the time of going to press, in case any more citizens should pass away during the night. None of us ever ascertained precisely when or where the old gentleman got his sleep.

A fight between the Chancellor and Burridge Butler, then our Staff Artist, stands out vividly in my memory. What it was about I do not recall, but I seem to remember the Chancellor went after Butler, who was very tall, with his cane, whereupon Butler was forced to fight back. But the Chancellor precluded further fist work by putting his arms around Butler's neck and hanging there until the office staff managed to separate them.

Will Sproat was one of the most lovable men I ever met; in fact he was so considerate of me, knowing as he did that my assertion that I had had previous newspaper experience was largely bluff, that I fear I would not have made much progress had Fletcher not intervened. One day when Will Sproat was kept from his desk by illness, Tom Fletcher, who found it necessary to hold down the "City Desk" as well as his own, ordered me to report a big political meeting on the West Side which was to open the campaign following a huge torchlight procession. Inasmuch as my work had been confined to the gathering of "personals", arrivals and clearances of the good ship Barrett (which then plied between Grand Rapids and Grand Haven under command of Capt. John Muir) and items of like importance, I was flabbergasted at the magnitude of the assignment. After I had stood aghast for a

moment, I asked him if he meant it. He replied, with what looked to me a very hard glance, that he certainly did. Repairing to the hallway on my way to supper I found Butler who had overheard the talk. I allowed that he being the senior reporter ought to have that job, and he promptly agreed with me. After much whispered consultation, he went in and expostulated to Fletcher declaring that I was too inexperienced to take care of such a job, which, in his opinion, rightfully belonged to him.

But with several strong expletives Tom exclaimed with finality:

"I believe in letting these youngsters have a show. Throw him in, and if he's any good, he'll win out."

That put me on my nerve and I followed out my determination to make good. Congressman M. H. Ford had arrived home from Washington that day to begin electioneering, and he was the chief speaker of the meeting which was opened by the eloquent Sam Clay. I wrote a story several columns long, which to my delight was only slightly blue-penciled. The result was the creation of such confidence in myself, that from then on I envied every other reporter the assignment of a "big job". After that Will Sproat had some difficulty keeping me satisfied with that part of my work which covered the calling at corner drug stores and other places for small items. However, under no circumstances, would I have deserted the drug store conducted by John D. Muir down on Canal street. Good friend that he was, I considered his place a sort of headquarters.

"At" White, as we always called him, used to call frequently at the Editorial Rooms of the Democrat at about 11 p. m. I suppose he was usually on his way home from the theatre. We regarded him as a sort of oracle, and I remember that discussions often took place between Fletcher, Hath, and Sproat after he had left, over some of his observations. It is with pride that I claim Mr. White as one of my esteemed and dear acquaintances.

When I took the job on the Democrat it was to succeed Harry Creswell (now Judge Creswell) who had left the city. Others of the staff were Joseph

J. Emery and Charles Emerson. We were really a very happy crowd and have always looked back with pleasure to the fine treatment which I enjoyed at the hands of Grand Rapids people.

The hours that I stole to avail myself of the hospitality of the Misses Gage and Benedict who conducted the select dancing school on the top floor of the Shepard block on Fountain street gave me as much pleasure as anything I can remember. I think that in all likelihood kind Will Sproat was perfectly aware of why it was I was so often long delayed before reporting on evening assignments; and I presume he did not have the heart to openly "discover" that I was busy getting acquainted with the pretty and nice girls of Grand Rapids at the dancing school. Those occasions were fine for a young fellow like myself in a city where none of his relatives lived. Charlie Emerson also used to put in considerable time at that dancing school, when he had no business there.

When Joe Emery was appointed Deputy County Clerk, I was given the "Court beat", and succeeded in making such a good friend of County Clerk "Case" Harvey that he afterward appointed me one of his Deputies also. My principal job was to issue marriage licenses.

It would not do for me to stop without boasting over the big "scoop" which I secured for the old Telegram-Herald, after I had accepted City Editor Tom Hunt's offer of $2 more per week. In some way I got wind of a prize fight to be pulled off in one of the old ice houses at Reed's Lake. When I told Tom what I had heard of the prospective affair, which was being kept very quiet, he arranged for me to make the trip out with a bunch of sports whose names I do not recall. I was not versed in sporting lore, but afterward was proud to learn that the combatants were two very promising young pugilists, viz., none other than the since famous Tommy Ryan and the local celebrity Henry Baker. It was a black night with the rain driving in torrents. An unscrupulous driver held the reigns to guide our team which went at breakneck speed with a two seated open carriage containing seven of us. It was the most exciting drive I ever had. It

AT PENINSULAR CLUB, OCTOBER, 1906

Left Side Row—A. S. White, W. M. Hathaway, Robert Baerd, W. B. Weston, Dennis Schram,, Henry M. Rose, E. A. Stowe (Center).
Right Side Row—E. B. Fisher, M. W. Tarbox, Thos. W. Fletcher, James N. Davis, C. W. Hathaway, W. J. Sproat, L. G. Stuart.

was so dark that I could not understand how we kept out of the ditch, but the driver was not satisfied with taking anything like ordinary chances; for he actually "ran the toll-gate", one of our rear wheels barely escaping the gate when the keeper let it down. The fight was a gruesome event. I had never seen anything like it before, and being close up to the ropes my clothes shortly became saturated with the blood which every minute or so would spurt from Baker's eye which Ryan had selected as the objective mark for his right fist. Beside that, generous quantities of rain were coming through the leaky roof so that I must have been a sight when I finally persuaded a fellow who had a carriage to bring me into town. I was filled with disgust at the sight of Baker being carried out of the ring unconscious after he had lain in the sawdust for awhile as dead to the world as a mackerel. But I sure got the great scoop of that particular period, for the crowd at the Democrat office did not know a word of the affair until they read it in the Telegram Herald next morning. I did not turn in my "copy" to Hunt until nearly 5 a. m., but he had held the presses for me.

All of us remember the old Press Club which had its meetings down in the police court rooms at the foot of Lyon street. I was all puffed up when they elected me Librarian one Sunday afternoon, and afterward I served as Secretary for a time. I think W. B. Weston was the President at that time, and I remember that Lew Stuart, Henry Rose (now Assistant Secretary of the United States Senate) both of whom were then with the Evening Leader and George A. McIntyre, then with the Eagle, were prominent in that Club.

If I remember correctly Joe Emery and George B. Catlin were the first of the Grand Rapids newspaper fellows to secure positions on the Detroit dailies; then after I quit my Deputy County Clerkship I joined the staff of the Detroit Evening News. About a year later Frank I. Cobb joined the News forces. Both in Grand Rapids and Detroit I enjoyed a very pleasant acquaintance with George B. Catlin, who had the reputation of being a walking encyclopedia. From the News I went to the De-

troit Journal and was doing the City Hall and political work for it, when I was appointed Secretary to the Mayor of Detroit by Hon. William C. Maybury, that splendid gentleman who was the Chief Executive of Michigan's Metropolis for ten years. From that position I went straight to Chicago to accept the position of Executive Secretary of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the Constitution and By-Laws of which I had the honour to write. I was forced to quit that position to take care of the affairs of my father, whose health failed him for a time. When he recovered I was delighted to accept the Secretaryship of Grand Rapids Board of Trade. It was for purely financial reasons that I accepted a flattering offer to go to Dubuque in 1911, and one of the bright spots of my career was the splendid farewell dinner given to me in the Pantlind Hotel by about two hundred of my Grand Rapids Board of Trade friends, who presented me with certain flattering resolutions along with a valuable gift for my dear wife. Since coming to Providence in 1913 I have been General Secretary of its Chamber of Commerce, which is a very successful and growing institution. I trust my old newspaper friends will call on me when they come this way.

Burridge D. Butler Recalls Early Newspaper Experiences in Grand Rapids

by BURRIDGE D. BUTLER

You ask me to write a contribution of my editorial experience in Grand Rapids, but I feel that I am handicapped at the start. As an interesting author I am hog-tied when I attempt to produce a story that will compare with the products of those genial geniuses of early Grand Rapids journalism.

In the second place, for the life of me I can't recall any wonderful thing that I performed personally, or took part in, that would make thrilling reading excepting possibly, as I recall, a murder and suicide in a house facing Fulton Park which I wrote up for The Eagle and put on the front page in Mr. Fisher's absence and got fired. I will always remember this because it was the only time in my life I ever "got the can".

I am handicapped in attempting to give an outline of my newspaper experience in Grand Rapids because if I got started, it would run into an autobiography, which I don't want. If the truth were told, it is more than any man would often want some other writer to tell while he was still living. It is one of the three epochs in my life, and probably the most important of all, because it was a character-building epoch. It was in those years when the raw material—and pretty raw it was and green, too—was roughly shapen by the ax of circumstance to be fitted for the builder's use.

Occasionally I have a young man come to me who wants advice about starting in newspaper or magazine work. They all seem to want to start in Chicago or New York. I always tell them to go to a small town or city and learn the trade. Perhaps it is because I learned my trade in a small city, and consequently it may be that I am a small town man today in vision and viewpoint. I will admit the indictment and will maintain that this very viewpoint

was sounder and more rational and nearer the heart of our best public opinion.

I don't know a great newspaper man today who is big-city-bred. A big city man is self-sufficient, arbitrary and lacks perspective. Our soundest viewpoint and opinion today is in cities like Grand Rapids, Galesburg, Des Moines and Dayton.

The editor of a national weekly publication told me a short time ago that he never went to a club in New York or Philadelphia because he feared to lose his viewpoint. He lives in a small town where they go to church functions and participate in the musical and literary society activities. This man has to keep his viewpoint clear because he must make a paper that will sell to two million readers every week and were he to lose his small-town viewpoint he would have to get another job.

I advise young men to get small-town experience because I remember the all-'round experience that I got in Grand Rapids in the early days. I learned to know something about presses because when Frank Ball's experimental Cox press bucked, it was a matter of knowledge and concern to everyone in the office. Jim Lee called it the hoodle-bug. The strange thing about this press was that when Cox came over from Battle Creek to start it up again it was said that he would take out the smashed part entirely and every time he did so and started up the press, it worked better than before. I knew the boy who brought the flimsy from the telegraph office. I saw him the other day, after a lapse of thirty-five years, where he is business manager of one of the most progressive cities in Michigan.

In a small composing room I learned to set type and make up. My chalk plate work brought me in contact with the stereotyper and I learned something about his art. All this experience gave the writer a general smattering of the complicated processes necessary to the making of a newspaper.

Years afterwards I was in the Minneapolis Club when a big fire started in the downtown district and all the light and telephone wires were down. I went to my newspaper office and with the assistance of the janitor and office boy set up two col-

locally, which vouchsafes that Grand Rapids journalism will ever feel the influence of this sterling family. Charley French, after managing for somebody else and coaxing the "ghost" of a Saturday night all his life has made his final nest setting on a few eggs of his own as proprietor of an eastern Michigan daily. Allie Apted gave early promise of great ability and might have become a wonderful newspaper manager, but he buried his talents in a mushroom cave and gave his best efforts to increasing the population of the West Side. Charley M. Peck, who holds the newspaper job record of the world has at last let us know that M stands for Mortimer and as Charles Mortimer Peck is one of America's peerless scenario writers and so the movies move the world. Charlie Emerson is running a farm paper in Florida which I regard, talent and territory considered, to be the last word in useless occupations. Harry Wanty who hired me on my first job and, I understand, had very little luck afterwards, is now coasting easily down life's hill out in California where I look forward to seeing him again next winter.

I enjoy them all—the recollections and pictures that memory paints again of my boyhood days and my early newspaper associates.

Learned Newspaper Work "Under Dire Compulsion"

by FRANK I. COBB

It is nearly thirty years since I went to Grand Rapids to do my first newspaper work. I had had no experience, but I needed a job, and I finally succeeded in convincing Fred Williams, who was then managing Editor of the Telegram-Herald that I was worth $6.00 a week. Six dollars a week was real money in those days, and Williams turned me over to George B. Catlin who was the City Editor. George took me across the street to Sweet's hotel, bought me a drink, and started me on my journalistic career. I have always remembered that drink —there is nothing in the Volstead law which makes it a crime to cherish tender memories—and likewise I have always remembered George B. Catlin's ingratiating smile as he pushed me off the pier into deep water, so to speak, and gave me the comforting assurance that I should probably have little difficulty in learning to swim. I managed to learn; at least I survived, which was due in a large measure to George B. Catlin's never failing helpfulness and friendship.

Grand Rapids was comparatively a small town in the fall of 1891, but it was dynamic, and properly contemptuous of Detroit, which was still a sleepy old French village, waiting in ignorance for Hazen S. Pingree and Henry Ford to put it on the map.

But while Grand Rapids had much of the tireless energy of a Western mining camp, it was then anything but an engaging field for newspaper work. I. M. Weston was bankrupting himself with the Democrat in a determined effort to print a better paper than the town would support, and the other papers had a precarious existence because of the Democrat's competition. The Telegram-Herald had passed into the possession of Professor Swensberg, and E. D. Conger, its business manager, barely kept it alive. The Press was a radical morning newspaper published by Sproat and Waters, and frowned upon by respectable people in general be-

cause of its labor sympathies. The Eagle was a stalwart Republican organ owned by Aaron Turner who had helped organize the Republican party under the oaks at Jackson. The Telegram-Herald was also Republican, but did not take its politics quite as seriously as the Eagle.

While I was still on the Telegram-Herald doing everything from reading proofs to writing editorials, George Booth bought the Press and turned it into what was to become one of the best evening newspapers in the middle west. Then E. N. Dingley, a son of Nelson Dingley of Maine, bought the Eagle, and offered me a job. I went. The Eagle lasted about a year under the Dingley management. It never really got on its feet. The change of ownership and methods had alienated its old clientele, and the superior resources of the Press kept it from acquiring a new one. The panic of 1893 had destroyed newspaper revenue, so late in the summer of 1894, Nelson Dingley, tired of the drain on his bank account, came to town, wrung the Eagle's neck, sold the feathers and claws to George Booth, and another newspaper chapter was finished.

After a few weeks work in the Democrat, which had then lost all its earlier glory, I went to the Detroit Evening News, thanks to the good offices of George Catlin, who was already a member of the News staff.

My newspaper experience in Grand Rapids was thus limited to three years, but they were crowded and adventurous years. After all there is no other school of journalism like a financially embarrassed newspaper, manned by a staff that must keep it going or starve, although it is not to be recommended as a permanent occupation. There was no kind of newspaper work that I did not do in the course of those three years, and when I left Grand Rapids there was no part of the editorial end of newspaper making with which I was unfamiliar. A great deal of it had been learned under dire compulsion, and much of it under conditions little better than those of a sweat shop, but it was learned. And many is the time I have been grateful for that hard, vigorous training that made it necessary for one man to do three men's work in order to survive.

But if the work was almost brutal in its physical and nervous demands, it had its compensation. Kipling's galley slave, in spite of the ulcers left by the ankle bars, in spite of the scars left by the lash on his back, in spite of eyes blinded by sunwash on the brine, could still thank God that he had lived and worked with men. That I could say, too, for regardless of the bitter and often indecent rivalry of the Grand Rapids newspapers in my time, there was a fine fraternal spirit among the men themselves. From the day I came to Grand Rapids until I left, there is not a recollection of one of them that I would blot out, and I worked with all of them—Lew Stuart and Harry Stitt and Tom Fletcher and George McIntyre and Fred Adams and Harvey Brown and John McIntyre, and Bill Sproat and Mickey Finn and Will Turner and Joe Emery and Burridge Butler. Good newspaper men they were, too, who knew their trade. Boyd Pantlind ought almost to be included in the list, for he was practically a member of the craft by adoption. The Morton House was more like a club than a hotel. In the course of the day practically everybody in town that a newspaper man ought to see drifted in and out of the Morton House, and no reporter anywhere ever had a more helpful friend than Boyd Pantlind. In a thousand years I could never repay all his kindesses to me—to say nothing of Mort Rathbone and Arthur Grant and Sid Steele.

Grand Rapids was an extraordinarily appealing place three decades ago, big enough to have the conveniences of a city, but small enough to enable everybody to know everybody else. It is a much larger city today, much richer, and probably more respectable, now that its habits are regulated by an act of Congress, but I wonder if it has retained that charm of the 90's which gave it a human quality that most cities ruthlessly trample under foot.

"You can always tell when a man is getting old", Joseph Pulitzer once remarked to me. "He has a fondness for reminiscences." If that is the test, I too, am getting old, but the Grand Rapids that I knew is well worth remembering.

Beware of the "Kike"

By THOMAS W. FLETCHER

"Events which at the time of their occurrence are deep in tragedy in later years take on some new phases, and in some respects become almost comedy," Aeneas said, after relating his miserable part in the destruction of ancient Troy. "Perhaps hereafter it will rejoice us to remember these things." So with a certain experience of mine as a newspaper man. In the year 1896 I was working on a newspaper in Cleveland, owned by three partners. The principal owner sold out to the others and began looking around for a place to start a daily. He settled on Cincinnati and leased the building formerly occupied by the Tribune, which had been consolidated with the Commercial. He then came to Cleveland and made me a fine offer to go with him and be his managing editor. I accepted and early in October moved to Cincinnati, and began the work of getting together the staff. Meanwhile the press and other mechanical equipment was being installed and everything indicated plain sailing for the enterprise. Two days after the presidential election that year the first number was issued, and that it won public favor was proven by the fact that at the end of the first week the circulation had reached 60,000 copies.

George B. Cox at that time was not only the political boss of Hamilton county but of the state of Ohio and no paper in Cincinnati dared to oppose him. The new sheet attacked him and his gang and on that account its prospect for proving a winner was evident. The sheet promised to be very popular.

After the fourth number was issued the proprietor, a Jew, came into my office in a "blue funk"

"Mr. Fletcher," he said, "they are going to knock in the front of the building." I told him he had better purchase a load of bricks and have them delivered on the walk in front of the office. Such a demonstration would be the making of the sheet. No change was made in the editorial policy of the

paper, but it was soon learned that the gang had adopted other measures to destroy the sheet.

After the tenth number had been issued the proprietor collected every cent that could be collected and left the city. None of the employes had received a cent of pay and nothing in the plant had been paid for. The "kike" had spoiled the Egyptians without playing any favorites, and it was learned later that he had carried away a big boodle, furnished by the gang. The "big four" newspapers of Cincinnati had publicly announced that employment would be denied to any and all persons who went to the Record to work, and none of the staff has ever since had a situation on the newspapers of that city. The proprietor informed me that all debts would be paid from money to be received from his former associates, on account of the sale of his interest in the Cleveland paper. Later it was learned that he had received all that was due him from that source. On the last day of his stay in Cincinnati he handed me a check for $200 endorsed to myself, drawn by Mabley & Carew and requested me to go to my bank, where I had a deposit and draw the cash. I took the money and gave it to him playing the goat without suspicion. Within half of an hour he took a train and was seen in Cincinnati no more. It makes me laugh when I think what a fool I was, not to put the money in my pocket. As it was I was out of a job with no money to meet expenses and an unpaid salary.

I saw this "kike" in Kansas City in 1912. He was running a mail order whisky business. It was flourishing but an investigation showed that he was absolutely execution proof. Everything in the place was owned by a son and his wife.

The immoral of this story is that if you work for a "kike" get your pay as you go along or expect to be a well shorn goat.

"Rattle Their Bones"

by CHARLES W. GARFIELD

One of the most interesting newspaper stunts perpetrated by a kid reporter, in the annals of Grand Rapids journalistic enterprises, was worked out by George Wickwire Smith, when as a mere lad, he came on the Eagle and combed the town for news items. He attended a down town church on Sunday morning and wrote up his impressions of the service, the congregation, the atmosphere and a brief of the sermon, dishing it up in attractive verbage and bringing home some deserved criticism, based upon the treatment accorded a stranger who dropped into the beautiful edifice.

The first contribution was so universally read and talked about that the writer continued the process each week until all the churches had been given a twist, and the presiding clergymen some very pertinent suggestions.

I have always thought George's father one of the most sensational preachers ever presiding over a congregation in Grand Rapids—was responsible for the nudge which was developed with rare ability and acumen.

Rev. Charles Billings Smith, whose pulpit utterances for years touched the nerves of Grand Rapids afterward became part owner and editor of the Grand Rapids Democrat. He provided the most caustic criticism by his ungloved treatment of men and measures but everybody read the leaders in the Democrat. Papers were begged and borrowed to see what the "Old Doc" had to say. He mingled bitter satire with the most lofty expressions of spiritual trust and by his interesting method of treating wholesome suggestions for city and personal betterment, quickened the pulse beats and awakened the morale of his readers to an appreciation of responsibility that made lasting impressions.

One of his editorials I have carried with me for nearly forty years. I will quote the initial and closing paragraphs.

"WORK"

All work is noble. There is no distinction in the real character of work. The hod carrier is as worthy of honor as the banker or statesman and the man who tills the field as the student or merchant. There may be a difference in the degree of honor conferred on men for different kinds of work but he who contributes one per cent to the capital stock is credited for that amount as readily as he who contributes ten per cent. It is for work done that men are honored. He who makes the world richer by one dime is the real nobleman. It is the sponge, the lazy, idle drone who is fed, nursed and cared for by other hands who is mean and ignoble."

. . . . . .

Put thought into your work, make the brain the servant of the hand. But work and work hard through life and the record of the good and holy awaits you."

"The Great Western Journal" was an adventure in journalism in Grand Rapids in the late 50's. It had more ambitions that were practical and it lived but a short time. O. R. Crozier and M. P. A. Crozier were among the most valued contributors.

The "Budget of Science" was at one time a real contribution to Grand Rapids journalism. To be sure it never advanced beyond the manuscript stage but it went the rounds of the newspaper offices and was drawn upon liberally because of the intrinsic merit of its contributors. It was the organ of the Grand Rapids Scientific Club,, the progenitor of the Kent Institute, and its patrons were men of eminence although the journalistic functions were performed by high school boys. Some of the articles were of sufficient scientific value to awaken the attention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

George Wickwire Smith, Jackson D. Dillenback, Harry F. Conant and myself arranged the "make up" of the monthly publication.

An interesting newspaper adventure was conceived by the attaches of the Grand Rapids Democrat in 1892. Burridge Butler, Clark Sproat, Al Apted, myself and others squandered brain storms,

pocket savings and great expectations in its behalf. It was called "The Michigan Cyclist" and arose on the waves of cycle enthusiasm, sinking into the troughs of the journalistic sea as the amateur exuberance dwindled into apathy.

One of the later experiments in journalism in our city was the advent of "The Review" fashioned by John Ihlder and a coterie of kindred spirits who felt the public ought to be informed of the current actions of the state and city government in advance of the slow official method of authorized publications. For a year this breezy and mightily useful paper was issued fortnightly and met a real need in the community but it soon became identified with the "good that die young".

My attention was attracted in the recent removal of my library to a copy of the first Kent County Directory, edited and published by Jackson D. Dillenback and Sheldon Leavitt both of whom are still living and pursuing journalistic adventures. "Shel" Leavitt left the field of journalism and became noted as a physician in Chicago and recently returned to the field of authorship and has published many scientific books and issues monthly "The Helping Hand", an unusual pamphlet journal devoted to modern ideas of healing which recognizes the mind as the commanding factor in the advancement of physical betterment.

"'Jonahed' by Canary Birds"

by WILLIAN B. WESTON

I cannot give the date of this incident without "fingering the files" of the old Grand Rapids newspapers, and this would require too much time. Furthermore dates are immaterial as affecting this narrative.

A desperate criminal known as "Blinkey" Morgan, robbed a postoffice in a town north of Muskegon, and after a chase he was captured and placed in the Kent county jail, as a federal prisoner, to be held pending trial in the United States court. As it often happens, considerable time intervened the arrest and date of trial, and Morgan's "pals", who seemed to be numerous and of both sexes, were showing an active interest in the prisoner. They called at the jail frequently, for the purpose of "visiting" and comforting the robber.

Among the callers was one particularly dashing appearing, well dressed woman, who claimed to be Morgan's wife, and upon this representation Sheriff Lyman T. Kinney permitted her to see the prisoner often, and perhaps was not as cautious as he should have been, knowing the character of the man he was holding.

One morning, after several visits made by the woman, Morgan was not in his cell when the first call for breakfast was given. He had made a clean escape without leaving a trace of the means employed in his get-away. Sheriff Kinney pointed out to the reporters, marks on the outer wall of the jail towards the river, where he claimed Morgan had slid down from an upper window, but the sight of the sheriff was much better than that of the reporters. It was a mysterious escape and always remained a mystery. The affair was promptly reported and both federal and state officers in Michigan and in adjoining states became alert in looking for "Blinkey". He was soon located in Alpena, and a deputy United States marshal was shot while attempting to arrest him. The criminal eluded the officers and got into the state of Ohio, where he was next apprehended aboard a train near the little

town of Ravenna. Two officers attempted to arrest him, one of whom was killed, but the desperado was held and landed in the Ravenna jail.

In Grand Rapids there was a keen desire to know how the escape from the Kent jail had been accomplished, so I decided to make a trip over to Ravenna and ask "Blinkey" about it, feeling sure of course that he would tell it all. Will A. Innes, a reporter for another paper, accompanied me and in Detroit we were joined by Harry Wanty, also a Grand Rapids reporter. We took a boat at Detroit for Cleveland and at the latter city a train for Ravenna. Soon after leaving Cleveland a woman carrying a canary entered the coach in which we were riding, taking a seat directly in front of us. Innes was a wild, careless, good natured and good hearted chap, but always superstitious. He took one glance at the bird, then turning to me said: "It's all off; we will not get what we are after, and will have all kinds of bad luck." I ridiculed his fears but he clung to his ill forebodings and repeated them. As if to strengthen Innes' faith in signs I was shortly afterwards taken violently ill. Whether it was the yellow bird, the lake water drunk in Cleveland or a too heavy breakast that caused the trouble was not known, but there was something the matter with me inside, a regular Bolshevik revolution. Arriving at our destination I was hurried to a hotel and a physician summoned. He got busy as did the good wife of the landlord of the little tavern where we stopped. She applied hot flannels where they were most needed and otherwise gave first aid to the sufferer. When the disturbance had subsided somewhat, "Bill" Innes went out and got in touch with the situation. After awhile he returned with a broad smile on his always good natured face and asked: "You remember that canary bird on the train? Well the sheriff here is scared stiff, and will not allow a stranger to come within a block of the jail."

We didn't see Morgan; he never told us how he performed his disappearing act and our papers missed a good story from the Ohio end of the "Blinkey" Morgan affair.

Innes was employed several seasons as an advance agent for a circus. While traveling on a train over the prairies of Illinois one morning a woman entered the coach in which he was, carrying with other luggage a canary bird in a cage. Innes was greatly perturbed over the incident and at the first stop left the train. An hour later the car in which he was seated was wrecked in a collision and the woman who carried the bird killed.

Innes served the Greenback state central committee through two political campaigns, as its secretary, and rendered efficient service. Josiah W. Begole was elected to fill the office of governor in the year 1884, the result largely of Innes' activities. Begole was a candidate for reelection in 1886 and Innes conducted his campaign. One day a wag, who knew of Innes' superstition, met an Italian on Lyon street. He carried on his shoulder a stack of little cages, each the home of a canary bird. The wag directed the peddler to Innes' office, and when Innes saw him enter, uttering many cuss words, he ordered the visitor to depart instantly. "We're licked", he remarked to his office force. "The peddler has hoodooed our campaign. Begolly hasn't a ghost of a show."

The returns at the polls recorded the defeat of the candidate by a large majority.

"Midsummer Recreation"

by LOUIS G. STUART

My circle of good old friends has heard all my best stories, most of my second best and a fair assortment of those that are just ordinary. Instead of a twice or thrice told tale it may be you will be more interested to hear of some special work that I have been doing during the doldrum season.

Early in the summer we received the telephone announcement of the sudden death of one of our oldest and most honored citizens. The news came at 1 o'clock and 2 o'clock was the hour for going to press. We had no biographical material in the office and a hasty examination of the local histories revealed nothing. We obtained a few essential facts by telephoning friends, and the obituary was dashed off, the city editor pulling half page "takes" from the typewriter. To dismiss one of my oldest and most valued friends in this hasty and unceremonious fashion grieved me. It lead to an inventory of the biographical material we had in the office, and a thorough searching of Baxter, Goss, Fisher and other published histories. I had no trouble in compiling a list of a hundred or more prominent citizens of whom only casual mention could be found, and such biographies as were in the books were often far out of date. My special work this summer has been the collection of biographical material and putting it into shape. In some instances I have prepared biographies in full, ready for immediate use, and in others merely assembled the essential data to have at hand when wanted. Each is put into a separate envelope and will be added to from time to time as new chapters in the life histories develop. I have found the work very interesting, and it is my plan to keep it up as a sort of idle half hour employment, until the collection gets to be something worth while.

In addition to the biographical material I am accumulating a lot of historical matter, not for immediate use but for future reference. For instance, I have made a map of the Pantlind hotel block, showing descriptions and names of former owners of

each parcel of real estate and price paid, also organization of the company, its financing, architect, contractors, when work was started, when completed and cost. All of this is easy to obtain from first hands now, but ten years hence it will be difficult, if not impossible.

Ryerson library, in the Historical room, is doing a fine work along much the same lines as I have been following, except that their collection is mostly in printed form, from newspapers and other publications instead of original matter. The shelf capacity has recently been greatly increased and this makes it possible to arrange much matter formerly stored in boxes and drawers in a way to make it easily accessible. A visit to the Library to see what is being done will be distinctly worth while.

A "Secret" Meeting of the Common Council

Reported by HENRY M. ROSE

Back in the "eighties" of the last century—which now seems a long way off, I, as a cub reporter on "The Morning Telegram" was given the somewhat uncertain assignment of reporting a secret session of the Grand Rapids common council. It was at a time when the good, respected and honorable Thomas D. Gilbert was president of the council and at the same time president of the Grand Rapids Gas Company and the meeting was for the purpose of discussing and cussing the private monopoly that was asking a raise in rates for a pretty fair quality of gas that only spluttered and stuttered and spit when rates were settled and firm. It was called for the evening hours in the chamber on Pearl street that was jointly used by the Superior Court, where erect Judge Parish held down the wool-sack with great dignity and dispensed old-fashioned justice after the manner of the corn-fed jurist of Indiana. The seal of absolute secrecy, made binding by a pledge, was placed over the meeting. The newspapers of the city, and there were at the time five of them struggling for popular favor in Grand Rapids, were not to be favored with representation in the meeting or any information from authentic sources after its close.

I remember accepting the assignment with misgivings. I approached the managing editor, Hugh MacDowell, than whom I have known few better all-round newspaper men, and asked for a hint as to how I was to secure a report of a secret session of the city fathers. He said he expected at least a column of first-page stuff from me that would stand a "scare-head"; said if I couldn't get facts I could invent a story that would cause the truth to leak readily, and he would leave the matter to my judgment. I also recall how bitterly he expressed himself against any secret meeting of public servants to consider questions pertaining to public business.

I grabbed off a dozen sheets of paper from the

copy stack and sauntered forth, contemplating a story hinting of scandal or malfeasance in the office of a city father, when I determined to investigate all approaches to the star chamber. Around in the alley I discovered a rickety, unused and questionable old outer stairway—just for my personal use—left hanging at an angle of 45 degrees against the wall. I brought together some dry-goods boxes and a brown tobacco pail and reached the hanging ladder from which the lower steps were missing; tested the strength of the approach and ventured my weight upon it. It held me safely and I struggled upward. It lead directly to the only window that lighted a juryroom of the court and which, in an earlier generation was undoubtedly a doorway. I raised the window and silently crawled through. Everything was admirably arranged for me. There was a long table placed across the doorway leading to the audience of the solons. There was a chair close by and, in less time than it takes to tell it, I was sitting in that chair, high upon the table and, with the aid of the light that filtered through the transom above, I was gathering my column of first-page stuff. All went merrily for a half hour or more when suddenly the window dropped, crashing the glass and there was a sound outside like that of a hod of brick tumbling down a stairway.

The startled solons proceeded to investigate and to tell the truth I was a trifle startled myself.

Unhappily for me the door where I was enthroned opened toward the chamber. The city marshal turned the knob quickly and threw the door wide back upon its hinges. There I sat life-like and quite natural, as though sitting for a full-length profile portrait, and the fathers took due notice. I was ordered to dismount and to proceed to make my exit by way of the council chamber, which I did under the safe escort of the city marshal and Alderman De Graff. Neither of them took notice or thought of the crumpled manuscript I carried in my clenched fist, and the next morning the "Telegram" carried the big head-lines and a pretty complete report of the secret session.

George Locke, the irrepressible reporter for the "Morning Democrat" was on his beat the following

day telling his friends how he had slipped down a back stairway and had injured a hand that was conspicuous for its surgical dressings. Locke was always held as a splendid example of reporterial splendor by the green cubs of rival sheets, but he seemed to me a trifle too clumsy and awkward when upon a still hunt.

When I drew my pay envelopes following this adventure they contained two extra bucks which I had ample occasion to use to good advantage.

"Bob" Briefly Recalls His "Ups and Downs"

By ROBERT BAERD

In the days of ancient Rome it was the editor who introduced the gladiators as they entered the arena to fight the tigers, but in the more modern days, the editor has essayed it is his mission to do some of the fighting himself. Temperamentally scrappy and swayed by the latter day inspiration, I fell for the newspaper game, and like our good brother Foster, (also from Hoosierdom) entered the arena at Grand Rapids.

My first venture was the Powers' Opera House Program—way back in '76, almost a daily publication. This was a lucrative publication. Very excellent board could be had in those happy days for $3.50 to $3.75 per week, and I made the grade with exceeding regularity for a full year. After two years at the case and as foreman of Nathan Church's Grand Rapids Times, A. B. Tozer and myself launched "the Saturday Review" with J. Fontenelle Hobbes as a very noisy silent partner. All was going swimmingly with the Review publishers when in one memorable week in '78, without apparent cause or warning, print paper advanced from 6 to 12½ cents per pound. The Review was a strikingly neat paper in typographical appearance; it had a fair amount of advertising, and was fairly popular, but the print paper price put an inglorious end to the credit side of the ledger, and the plant was turned back to C. C. Sexton.

Some six months later, Frank M. Carroll and myself, began the publication of The Agricultural World as the official organ of the granges of Kent county. From peculiar force of circumstances Carroll, as the business manager of the firm, was induced to enter the political game. "We fought a good fight—and lost," is the consolation that was handed to Carroll and myself by Ebenezer Gregg, Danforth Holden, the poet and politician, after our career of just one year with The World.

For the third time I returned to the case as fore-

man of "Bill" Dennis, the job printer. These were tremendously competitive days for typos, with such artists in the trade as Harvey Carr, Eber Rice, "Stern" Wheeler, Rueb Gustine, Charles White, the Munros (Willis and Arthur), Den. Schrams, the Toots, boys et al, in the game.

It was while employed on The Times that I met our good friend Ernest A. Stowe, who was then doing state news work, and where I also did some local reporting. "At" White, I. M. Weston, Theodore M. Carpenter, and "Hath"—our good old friend Hathaway—were on earth those days—take it from me.

I had been a resident of Grand Rapids five years and as might be deduced for the foregoing recital, I had accumulated some experience. In 1881, having an offer for employment from Ionia with a salary attached, I took my accumulations and migrated to the best little city in Michigan, judged from any angle, where for 37 consecutive years I published the Daily and Weekly Standard, retiring from active business in April of 1919.

"A Peach of a Story"

By JOHN H. ("MICKEY") FINN

One cold winter night in 1891 I received my first assignment as a newspaper reporter from Will J. Sproat, city editor of the Morning Press. The paper was published on the second floor over Beach's lunch room on Pearl street. Capt. Waters and Will Sproat I believe owned the majority of stock. Later they sold out to Booth, of Detroit, son-in-law of the veteran James E. Scripps. Booth changed the paper from a morning paper to an evening paper, so there came into existence the present Evening Press.

But it was about my assignment as a cub reporter I meant to write. I was told by Mr. Sproat to make a tour of the hotels and see what I could pick up. The picking was very lean until I entered the old Clarendon hotel on Canal street near the Bridge street bridge. As I stood by the big sheet iron stove warming myself two illy clad children about ten years old entered and held up their little blue hands to the warmth. One was a very pretty girl, notwithstanding her tousled hair and unkempt appearance, and the other, her brother, a sturdy little fellow with his toes sticking from his shoes.

I became interested at once seeing very plainly a "story". Yes, they had a story. They told me a most heart-rending story of poverty. The little girl with moist eyes said that their father had gone away from home and never returned, that their mother was in bed all the time, coughing and coughing and coughing, that the plaster was off the walls, that they had no food or no fire in the house. Well, they almost made me cry.

As the hour was getting late and I had to have my "copy" in before midnight I did not take the time to go home with the kiddies as the address they gave was some street over near the Widdicomb furniture factory on the west side. I called the attention of big John Killean, the proprietor, to the children and he said he would see that they were taken home.

I hastened back to the office filled with my sub-

ject, composing some of the sentences in my mind as I hastened through the storm. Well, it was a peach of a story if I do have to say it myself. I described that room where the woman was dying of consumption in most minute detail. You could almost hear the woman cough as you read the article. Eagerly I looked for the article in the paper the next morning. Yes, it was there, and it had a big heading, and it was almost a column in length. I was very proud.

I remember so well how I sauntered into the office the next afternoon, expecting Capt. Waters to meet me and say "That was a very good story John." But Capt. Waters did not meet me. Will Sproat met me and he said rather coldly that he would like to see me in his office. I went in and there sat seven or eight elderly women each with a market basket at her feet.

"This is the reporter," said Mr. Sproat addressing the women and nodding his head toward me. Then dear old Will began very severely: "John, these women dispense charity for the W. C. T. U. They read your story in the morning paper. They lost no time in going to their pantries and getting jells and marmalade, and tea and every kind of groceries to take to that poor consumptive woman you so eloquently described.

"They found the woman at the address you gave; the address at least was correct. The woman they sought John was engaged in the commendable work of washing clothes. She was a very large woman, John, very large and bony and quite pugnacious. When these good women entered her house, with kindness in their hearts, this poor consumptive woman 'coughing until her crimson life blood stained the pillow', as you described it, threatened to throw them all out of the window. How do you account for that?"

It was a most humiliating position in which to place any embryo journalist, but I confessed up, telling the whole story. It was a good lesson for me. It would be a good lesson for any young reporter. The children were incorrigible beggars, and were later sent to a reformatory. The only moral

AT RESIDENCE OF E. A. STOWE, AUGUST, 1918
Rear Row—Left to Right—Robert Beard, W. M. Hathaway, L. G. Stuart, E. A. Stowe, W. N. Fuller.
Middle Row—E. B. Fisher, H. D. C. Van Asmas, W. B. Weston.
Front Row—Col. D. N. Foster, Alpha Child, Thos. W. Fletcher, W. J. Sproat, A. S. White.

to be drawn from it is not to believe anything until you have investigated it thoroughly.

AN APPRECIATION

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1920.

My dear "At":

I was very glad to get your letter. Glad to know you remembered me. Would that it had been yourself instead of the letter that waited my coming. I certainly would have tried hard to make your stay here a pleasant one. Nothing would please me more than to sit with you and talk of the old days and the old boys of thirty years ago. Somehow I remember you best of all. Perhaps it was your cheery word when all the world looked blue to me (after a bat) or perhaps it was just a liking for you. God has been good to me in my declining years. I have everything a man could wish for. So when I receive the call nobody can say of me what Robert Louis Stevenson said of Matthew Arnold "I am sorry he died; I don't believe he will like God."

Yours fraternally,

J. H. FINN.

John B. Mills Recalls "The Most Amusing Incident"

By JOHN BAILEY MILLS

The most amusing incident that I recall in connection with Grand Rapids newspapers was the dress parade of the reporterial force of the Grand Rapids Democrat before Col. Moses Almy Aldrich. The Colonel did not like the name Moses, so he parted his name, as he did his hair, in the middle and insisted that he be called Col. M. Almy Aldrich.

The particular incident to which I refer occurred the day following his assuming the position as managing editor of the Democrat. Former mayor I. M. Weston had bought the Democrat from Frank W. Ball, and engaged Aldrich as managing editor. He ordered the whole force to appear at his office at 1 p. m. for assignments. We all filed in at the time set except Stewart Ives De Kraft. "Stand at attention, young men," the Colonel commanded.

At this moment De Kraft rushed in, looked surprised on finding us lined up before the Colonel.

Turning to De Kraft, Aldrich said: "Young man do you know in whose presence you are? Remove your hat and stand at attention."

"I think you are the man I. M. has hired to run the Democrat."

"The members of the staff will address me as Col. Aldrich, managing editor, and salute when you enter my office", said the Colonel sternly.

Following the issuance of general order number one the Colonel proceeded to make assignments. De Kraft was made society editor and I was given the market beat and real estate.

This was the first and the last dress parade, but out of respect for the paper Colonel was always given the salute.

Colonel Aldrich served on the personal staff of Governor George W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and was proud of his military distinction. He was vain and liked to ride on a white horse at the head of a pro-

cession, wearing a gorgeous uniform. When Admiral Dewey came to Grand Rapids to receive at the hands of the public, the honors that were his due as the hero of Manila Bay, the Colonel arrayed himself in many colors, with much gold lace and a wonderful chapeau. Admiral Dewey was pleased and amused with the officiousness and the pompous bearing of the Colonel, but could not understand the significance of the uniform he wore. At the reception given in honor of the Admiral in the evening, he ventured to ask: "My dear man, which branch of the service do you represent? The army or the navy?"

Aldrich has had an extensive and varied career. He has been employed in an editorial capacity on newspapers published in Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Chattanooga, Hartford, Detroit and Grand Rapids. He is not a bad fellow at heart, but his improvidence and vanity have made his life more a hardship than a pleasure.

McIntyre "Accepted a Position"

By GEORGE A. McINTYRE

In the fall of 1887, I came to Grand Rapids and "accepted a position" as cub reporter on the old Eagle, under E. B. Fisher, city editor. It was not long before I had the police and city hall beats and perhaps the most enjoyment I ever had was in reporting the meetings of the common council and poking fun at the democratic city officials.

Old timers will remember that "Ed" Killean had been elected mayor by a plurality of nine votes, and later I. M. Weston was chosen to the same office by three votes. There were contests in both cases and the Eagle, or at least the municipal reporter for the paper, refused to recognize either gentleman, as having been actually chosen to the office. As a consequence neither one was ever referred to as mayor, but always as "Mr." Later on Edwin F. Uhl was in the office, and I even took some prods at that dignified gentleman, some of which caused much merriment in the heart of the old Roman, William M. Hathaway, who said that my handling of the mayors was one of the best things in Grand Rapids newspaperdom. He caught the spirit of the thing—poking fun and nothing malicious.

However, one never can tell how fun may be turned into something serious. I was horrified at one time to have it said that a little humor of mine kept a very honorable democratic citizen of Grand Rapids from being nominated and probably from being elected to Congress from the Fifth district, by poking a little fun at his penchant for attending funerals.

At the time I. M. Weston purchased the somewhat down-at-the-heels Democrat, from Frank Ball, and, copying after the Chicago Herald, undertook to give Grand Rapids a real metropolitan paper. I was one of the first new men to join the staff, Charlie Almy and Lucius Torrey being among the importations. After some of the high-brows left and when the bottom of the financial sock began to be, if not actually to be reached, Burridge D. Butler

was on the city desk. For a time I was night copy reader on the Democrat and some of the prematurely gray hairs in my head were caused by my trying to keep track of the brilliant but erratic Stewart Ives De Kraft. Butler was one of the most lovable men I ever met.

A sensation was caused in newspaper circles when it was announced that E. N. Dingley, of the Kalamazoo Telegraph, had secured an option on the stock in the Eagle of Aaron B. Turner, its founder. Dingley made good on his option and secured Fred Williams and Frank Cobb from the Herald, as managing editor and editorial writer respectively. Again I was one of the first men to join the new staff.

One Saturday afternoon I walked up to Butler's desk and told him I was going to quit the Democrat and go back to the Eagle. Down went his folded arms on the desk with his head on his arms as he sobbed out: "I never in my life liked a man and began to get acquainted with him that he did not quit."

Imagine the heart of a great big fellow like Burridge who could cry over the leaving of a man under him. He certainly had a heart, and I know that not one of the boys ever envied him the nice big bunch of money he made founding and selling the Omaha News, Minneapolis News and other papers, nor his good fortune in marrying the brilliant, artistic woman, some years after the death of the sweetheart wife, of his early manhood.

I hope you will pardon my seeming egotism if I relate an incident and I assure you it is not that, but the very laudable thrill that comes to every red blooded reporter who gets a good scoop or beat.

It will be remembered that at a general election the Michigan electorate had voted on a constitutional amendment to increase the salaries of some of the state officers. The Eagle had a Sunday morning edition, and going home "to supper" one Saturday evening, I held to a strap in one of Jim Chapman's trolley cars, looking down into the face of and talking to Ed. N. Barnard at that time State Senator, or a very recent Ex.

"Heard the latest scandal in Lansing?" he asked.

"No. What is up now?"

"They say some of the returns on the vote of the recent amendment increasing salaries, have been changed, so as to make it appear that the thing carried instead of being defeated."

That was enough for me. After a few questions and a hurried meal, I rushed back to the office and wrote a grape-vine under a Lansing date. This was printed Sunday morning, in the first column of the first page, under what was then a scare head, and the thing was launched. Indignant denial was made by state officials and many of the state papers Monday morning, some of the papers calling attention to a crazy reporter who was out to make a sensation, but I afterward reported the grand jury proceedings in Lansing and the six weeks trial in Mason, where there was a hung jury, six to six. This is the first time that any one has ever known where the tip came from on the election scandal.

"Them" were the good old days never to be forgotten, with friendships made that will endure as long as life shall last.

H. G. Wanty Remembers "The Gleeful Twinkle in Hathaway's Eyes"

By HENRY G. WANTY

My recollections of newspaper activities in Grand Rapids run back to the summer of 1884 when I became a reporter on the Democrat. At that time At. White had given up the daily grind on The Times and had gone into the field of technical journalism on The Artisan. Nathan Church was in his decline, and Joe Hobbs had become his understudy. Colonel Messmore had retired and had been succeeded, as owner and editor of The Democrat, by Frank Ball. A. B. Turner was devoting his time to politics, and the destinies of The Eagle were in the keeping of Albert Baxter and E. B. Fisher, assisted by Darby Hull. The Leader was showing many bright spots under the direction of Colonel Waters and W. B. Weston, and Lew Stuart was its cub reporter. The Telegram, The Herald, and The Press had not been born.

All the editorships of The Democrat, except that of Chief, were concentrated in Will M. Hathaway and I can well remember the gleeful twinkle in his eyes when he caught sight of the sacred editorial "we" in my first reporterial story. To such a turn did he roast me and my story that to this day I never see "we" in an editorial comment I do not cringe. It was my first lesson in impersonal journalism, and it was as impressive as Hathaway's sarcasm could make it.

The reporterial staff was made up of George Locke, a seasoned reporter and myself. I received ten dollars a week and George, because he was a married man and had a family to support, was paid twelve dollars. We went on duty at half after one in the afternoon and we left the office at three-thirty in the morning; and we never "struck".

I believe it was in 1886—Tom Fletcher, who had been succeeded by George W. Gage as city editor, had been made managing editor and I had been

promoted to the city desk on the resignation of George. I had under me from four to six reporters, and Tom dubbed us "the kindergarten". Among those who graduated from this school and afterwards made high marks in newspaper work, were Will Graves, Charley Almy, Harry Creswell, Charley Young and Burridge Butler.

As I remember, Harry was getting eight dollars a week and he had an idea that his services were worth ten. I did not attempt to convince him that his idea was erroneous, but I felt it was my duty to protect the treasury of the paper from ruinous raids, so I had a "heart to heart" talk with Harry. I told him that he was young; that he was just starting on his career; that the amount of money he was getting cut little figure—what he should work for was a foothold. I flattered myself as I worked the changes on "foothold", that I was making some impression, and would probably ward off the impending raid, when Harry blurted out: "I don't care a rap for a foothold; what I want is money!" He got both.

The newspaper men of Grand Rapids at that time lived the frugal life, not from choice, but from force of circumstances and not many of us graduated into the millionaire class.

I left Grand Rapids in the autumn of 1887, and among my cherished memories are the interesting Sunday afternoons members of the old press club spent in Albert Tozer's office in the police court building. Tozer at that time was floating in the realms of literature and incidentally earning his living performing the duties of police court clerk. E. A. Stowe was beginning his brilliant career as owner and editor of The Tradesman, and Theodore M. Carpenter was educating the literary taste of the inhabitants as editor of Hearth and Hall.

Those were happy days, but when we contemplate the beautiful and prosperous city, and the really great newspapers of Grand Rapids in 1920, we would not have them return.

"There Were Giants in Those Days"

by MARK T. WOODRUFF

It is not the purpose of the writer to more than call attention, in the sketch here submitted, to the change that has come over the press of Michigan in the past fifty years, but to recall to mind a few of those who made history in their professional work during the nineteenth century, when the editor of even a country newspaper was something more than a mere disseminator of the minor gossip of his town, an advocate of issues and a leader of a strong personal following. This in hopes to interest those men of the pencil of the "good old days".

Prior to, during, and for some years after the civil war, Michigan could boast a corps of journalists second to none for ability, devotion to principle, virility and education. The editorial page was the page of the paper, and in nearly every county seat, and in many towns less favored, could be found one—in many cases two or more—editors whose writings were copied by leading city papers and whose opinions were sought far and wide. It is true present-day papers appear to thrive better, but the commercial side of the business was not, or did not seem to be, its chief aim then.

Ann Arbor had its Argus, and its State News, in those days, with Elihu B. Pond and "Elder" Davis at their helms. Jackson boasted two able journals, the Citizen and Patriot, guided by "Jim" O'Donnell and Carlton & Van Antwerp. The Marshall Statesman and the Democratic Expounder; the Kalamazoo Gazette, the Pontiac Jacksonian, the Flint Wolverine Citizen, the Monroe Democrat, and any number of papers whose very names expressed character could be named, and to the veteran would rise in memory the strong hand that wielded the pen and made men think.

Not the least able of those editors of the past, with a field not quite as broad as the rest, was the man who for half a century conducted the Ypsilanti Sentinel, a man of education, of brilliant mind, of

absolute devotion to truth as he saw it, reckless of consequence in his expression of opinion, and fearing nothing, his trenchant pen was always ready to battle for the right. He despised hypocrisy and hated deceit. He would not knowingly wrong another, but when he struck, it hurt, and left the victim without means to reply. He was quoted in all parts of the country, perhaps more frequently than many of his contemporaries and could, had he been less fond of independence, made his mark in the national field.

Charles Woodruff laid down his pen in 1896, after a lifetime at his desk. Fifty-two years is a long time, and his service to his clientele covered it. And yet he was not bred a writer. He reached his majority with only a common school education, but with a trade, for, as was the custom in those days he served an apprenticeship. He was a tailor and with his needle gained the classical education that marked him as one of the few in the profession he afterward took up with a degree.

His education was thorough. He conversed fluently in German and French, and read both as few do, without translating. Latin and Greek were also familiar and he read both without a lexicon.

To those who knew Charles Woodruff in his later years, some of his story will come for the first time. They may have known and appreciated his professional work, but that did not fill his life. He never sought office, and never held an office that paid a salary, and yet through his best days he was constantly in the public service. As member of the common council and of the school board, many, many years of his life were spent. He even volunteered to teach and did teach classes in the high school when regular teachers were not to be had. He also had private classes of adults at times.

But back of all this lies an honor unsung, a meed of praise due from the entire state. Without detracting one word from the praise due "Father" John D. Pierce, also an Ypsilantian, and a friend of the editor-educator, and other pioneers of Michigan's educational system, to Charles Woodruff belongs the credit of establishing the Academy, which became the pattern for our graded schools. He con-

ducted it for several years, saw it outgrow its narrow quarters and moved it to the site of the present Ypsilanti High School, the spot known by so many all over the country as the Ypsilanti Union Seminary, successor of Woodruff's Academy, and in its day the best preparatory school known.

Such educators as Estabrook, Sill, Welch, and others headed the old Seminary faculty. Before and during the civil war its academic department carried on its rolls more foreign students than could be numbered in the little city. In that great struggle a full company was enlisted from its classroom. No other city in Michigan claimed to compete with Ypsilanti then. Where, in all Michigan, can one today find the class of men of whom this was a representative? For he was not alone. Others shared with him the glory of the fight against the criminal abuse of immigrants by the railroads; others stood with him in the dark days of the civil war when criticism of the government meant danger and imprisonment; others with him fought the losing battle against currency contraction; others even bolted the combination that sought to win an election with Democracy's most bitter maligner.

"There were giants in those days!"

Incidents in the Life of Alpha Child

By A. S. WHITE

Shortly before the late Alpha Child wedded Miss Lodeman he purchased a little house, located on Spencer avenue. His neighbors were Dutch, recently arrived from Holland. Their inability to speak the English language may have been an inducement for Mr. Child to purchase the house. It afforded the isolation the newly married usually seek. Mr. Child was a lover of art in its various forms, and wielded the crayon and the pencil skillfully. One morning sometime after he located on Spencer avenue, he arose early and went down to the river's bank to make sketches. Before he could commence his task a newly appointed police officer arrested him on suspicion, and led him to the calaboose, the site of which is now covered by the Grand Rapids Savings Bank. The officer in charge of the station recognized the prisoner at a glance and refused to lock him up, The superintendent of the police department gave the green policeman a "bawling out" that he never forgot. Mrs. Child, greatly alarmed on account of the absence of her husband when breakfast was ready to be served, called up the Eagle and learned from E. A. Harrington that Alpha had arrived at the office and entered upon the work of the day.

During his last visit with friends in Grand Rapids Mr. Child was the guest of Fred A. Twamley. He was driven about in Twamley's car often, but on several occasions he desired to walk to and from the offices or the homes of old friends. Mr. Twamley states that Child was quite indifferent to the dangers that threatened when the streets were thronged with vehicles and narrowly escaped accidents if not death. Twamley remonstrated with Child on account of his carelessness but the latter replied: "It is the duty of drivers of vehicles to keep away from me. I am not obliged to keep out of their way."

AT RESIDENCE OF E. A. STOWE, AUGUST, 1919

Back Row—Col. D. N. Foster, W. N. Fuller, C. A. French, Thos. W. Fletcher, E. B. Fisher, W. B. Weston, L. G. Stuart.
Front Row—W. J. Sproat, A. S. White, John B. Mills, E. A. Stowe, Chas. W. Garfield, Robert Baerd.

Stowe's Road to Fame and Fortune

In 1883 E. A. Stowe was the state news and telegraph reports editor of the Grand Rapids Eagle. The work was not arduous and Stowe despises an easy job. So he started the Michigan Tradesman, an enterprise that required the limit of his mental and physical ability. During the first year of his employment his time was divided daily about as follows:

6 a. m. Commenced setting type for the Tradesman.

8 a. m. Commenced work on the Eagle, compiling state news.

9 a. m. Opened his mail and replied to correspondence in office of Tradesman.

10 a. m. Prepared telegraphic reports and helped on proof reading for the Eagle.

12 m. Went out to lunch.

12:15 p. m. Worked in Tradesman composing room.

1 p. m. Resumed work on the Eagle.

3 p. m. Called on wholesalers. Solicited ads collected accounts, gathered news, interviewed traveling salesmen and booked subscriptions for the Tradesman.

5 p. m. Posted his books, wrote copy for his paper and remitted payments for bills due.

6 p. m. Ate a cold lunch.

6:05 p. m. Set up ads and reading matter for his paper.

11:45 p. m. Addressed wrappers, folded papers, swept the floors, trimmed the lamps, washed the windows.

1 a. m. Read the exchanges for clippings.

1:30 a. m. Went home and to bed.

When his time was not otherwise occupied and by way of diversion he worked.

political debate, in all our history was on. I expected to see the backwoods, uncouth lawyer so utterly vanquished by his skilled, eloquent and resourceful opponent, that little would be left of him or his cause after a meeting or two. Their speeches were printed and distributed as soon as delivered, and I had copies sent to me.

Douglas, with his skill and wit, caught the crowd and won the greater applause; Lincoln talked to the hearts and consciences of men, and telling, even Republicans, truths not all of them were ready to receive. Naturally the applause was scanty and infrequent, but the whole country soon began to take thoughtful note of what this backwoods lawyer was saying. His startling statement that, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," that "this country could not long remain half slave and half free," created great uneasiness among the leaders of his party. It was feared that he was "spilling the beans" and injuring the prospects of his party for success in the coming presidential election of 1860.

I read and re-read these speeches, as they were sent to me, with all the eagerness of youth. When they commenced, I was a Douglas Democrat; when they ended, I had become a Lincoln Republican.

—Ft. Wayne Sentinel Journal, Tuesday morning, February 17, 1920.

Publisher Clark's Career in Grand Rapids

By ARTHUR S. WHITE

In the year 1865 the Eagle (daily and weekly), the Enquirer and the Democrat (both weekly in many ways) and the Stoompost (Dutch), were the only newspapers published in Grand Rapids. Early in August of that year M. H. Clark, who had published newspapers at different periods in Owosso and Corunna, Mich., and in Omaha, came to Grand Rapids. Clark had sold his newspaper at Omaha and located in Nashville. Tenn., where he planned to speculate in cotton. His speculations were not successful and six months later he located in Detroit, where he worked as a compositor on the Western Rural, a weekly paper, devoted to horticulture, published by H. N. F. Lewis. Edward Bradfield, a brother-in-law offered to back Clark for a reasonable amount if an opening could be found in the publishing business. The Enquirer and the Democrat, published respectively by Dr. E. D. Burr and N. D. Titus, used the same reading matter in their publications. The title, headings and date lines were changed. The subscription lists of the two papers numbered about one thousand and the printing material used belonged to Titus. Clark purchased a one-half interest in the Democrat for $1,000 with money provided by Bradfield, and ordered Burr to get out. Burr not only went out but the Enquirer went out of existence with him. Clark immediately prepared to issue a daily edition of the Democrat, and within two weeks after his arrival in Grand Rapids the first number was printed. To attract attention to the paper Clark adopted the sensational style in the preparation of reading matter. A sensational account of the conduct of a local musician, who had fled the wrath of indignant parents of a young woman, stirred the community as never before. Every one called for copies of the paper. Such an item had never appeared in the con-

servative and highly respectable old Eagle. Clark's ability, while it was not strong in any one direction, was diversified. He had an acute eye for news and wrote good readable copy. He did not spare expense, whether he had money available or not, to obtain news and trusted to luck to carry him through many of the enterprises he undertook. He was a good solicitor of advertisements and subscriptions. He had several partners during the twelve years of his control of the Democrat. Among those who were associated with him from time to time as partners were N. D. Titus, Robert Wilson, Clark C. Sexton, James N. Davis, A. H. Stevens, John L. E. Kelly, Richard Birt, H. P. Churchill and Charles B. Smith. A few months after Churchill had been a member of the firm he produced a balance sheet showing that a remarkably prosperous business had been done. He desired, however, to move to Kansas City, and engage in the practice of the law, and would sell his interest at a sacrifice. Clark offered his notes, with Julius Houseman as an endorser, in payment for the Churchill interest, which were accepted. A year or two later Houseman redeemed the notes. "Tom" Fletcher entered the employ of Clark in 1877 as a bookkeeper, took possession of the key to the cash drawer and stopped the raids that were made upon it by any one that needed money. Fletcher analyzed the Churchill balance sheet and found erroneous entries.

The sensational articles published in the Democrat caused several suits for damages to be brought against the publishers of the paper.

John L. E. Kelly, one of Clark's partners, brought into the office one day an account of the robbing of a stagecoach in Nevada. It was charged that one John W. Squires, a son of John W. Squires, the owner of Squires' opera house had been killed in a fight during the robbery. Several months later Squires' appeared in Grand Rapids and demanded satisfaction in a court of law. He alleged that his character and reputation had been damaged to the amount of $25,000. The case was not tried; a settle-

ment for a few hundred dollars having been effected. Another suite alleging defamation of character brought by a client of Colonel Leffingwell, was settled for $50.00 and costs.

History

The annual reunion of old-time editors of Grand Rapids was held Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Stowe, 504 College avenue, S. E. A few years ago Mr. Stowe conceived the idea of a "get-together" of the old-timers in the newspaper craft, and since then has entertained yearly at his residence, the last being the most enjoyable.

Who Were Present

Those present were ex-Senator William Alden Smith, Robert Beard of Ionia, Col. Thomas W. Fletcher, Hon. Charles W. Garfield, Col. David N. Foster of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Lewis G. Stuart, William B. Weston, Arthur S. White, John Bailey Mills, and the host, Ernest A. Stowe.

Through business engagements, illhealth and other reasons, many were unable to attend and included the following: Bryant H. Howig, Harvey O. Carr, Nathan Church, J. D. Dillenback, Charles A. French, Ernest B. Fisher, Warren N. Fuller, George W. Gage, William M. Hathaway, Henry M. Rose, H. D. C. Van Asmus and Harry G. Wanty. Since the last meeting, W. J. Sproat and Alpha Childs have passed beyond.

Mrs. Stowe was hostess, presiding at the banquet. The decorations were marigolds. Just before serving the banquet, Col. David N. Foster, in behalf of the editors, presented Mrs. Stowe with an electric grill.

Following the banquet was a smoker at which letters were read from J. Newton Nind, St. Petersburg, Fla.; J. D. Dillenback, Denver, Colo.; Charles A. French, Monroe, Mich., and William M. Hathaway, Ada, Mich., expressing regret at not being able to attend.

Charles W. Garfield delivered a fine tribute to the memory of Professor Strong, one time principal of the "Stone" high school. Col. Thomas W. Fletcher also delivered one in memory of William J. Sproat and ex-Senator William Alden Smith paid a beautiful tribute to the late Frank H. Hosford.

Gets "Third Degree"

"Lew" Stuart suggested, since the ex-Senator was the new member, he be given the "third degree."

The new member proved worthy of membership under the title, for he laid down such a barrage that the famous Gridiron club has nothing on Grand Rapids old-time editors.

It was his long time in public life and world-wide acquaintance with nobility which furnished the opportunity to give his auditors an hour of rare reminiscences of "ye olden days" in newspaper work and workers in Grand Rapids, also the recalling of the days and his experiences in the newspaper field, when he began carrying papers and from that telegraph messenger boy to correspondence for papers and up to the ownership of The Herald. He interpolated his review of the flight of years, how he made his first political speech at Solon, Mich., when M. S. Crosby ran for lieutenant governor, also how he met signal defeat when he ran for circuit commissioner and later for alderman in the old Third ward. It was the consensus of opinion of those present these two defeats turned out to be but blessings in disguise for future honors which awaited him.

Arthur S. White was elected historian of the old-time editors' club. Mr. Stowe announced that the next gathering would be held early in the fall.

A brochure was issued by Mr. Stowe with names of the old-time editors and portraits of Arthur S. White and Col. David N. Foster.—Grand Rapids Herald, Feb. 8, 1920.

Sayings and Doings

"Composed by the Author," a la JULIA A. MOORE

"I heard a bit of news this morning which will cause our prohibition neighbors to rejoice. An uptown druggist sent a juvenile clerk to the basement to draw a gallon of whisky from a barrel of whisky nearly full. The lad let it run slowly and started off to attend to something else; forgot the whisky. The barrel was emptied and that druggist is out $110. The moral of this tale is—well, is there any moral?"—E. B. Fisher in Grand Rapids Eagle, March 20, 1885.

"Billy" Hathaway championed the cause of a schoolmistress who had been wrongfully accused by her superior, many years ago and won his case. The school board and the public united in vindicating the teacher. To show her appreciation of the service rendered, the teacher married Hathaway, risking thereby her future happiness.

May 1890, L. G. Stuart, and his side partner, Leon Chase, won the championship in a pedro tournament given by the Owashtanong club. Unsuccessful competitors for the trophy meanly declared that Stuart and Chase had "a system" and used it effectively. A lie "out of whole cloth".

"Tom" Fletcher employed the knowledge he absorbed at Yale to the work of removing hard heads from the bed of Grand river years ago. His knowledge of hard heads proved of value when dealing with incompetent reporters and would be politicians in later years. Yes, he removed them.

An old-fashioned country editor quarreled with his wife. They separated, but a year later she returned to him. And at the top of the editorial column in the next issue of his paper appeared: "The Cat Came Back." Editorial in Grand Rapids Herald by A. H. Vandenberg.

Before he commenced his career as a writer for newspapers, William B. Weston operated a saw mill. Perhaps the cuts made by his saws inspired in his mind the "cuts" he now writes for his newspaper. Those cuts are admirable and do not "draw blood".

Many years ago a little boy named Robert Baerd was found sobbing in the store of Foster Brothers, in Terre Haute. Col. Foster approached the boy and asked "What's the matter sonny? Are you lost?" "No," Robert replied, "I'm not, b-ut m-my mother is."

"There is no better place at which to get a meal than at Tom Dixon's, on Canal street. Roast beef, potatoes, hot slaw, bread and butter, pie and coffee, all for 25 cents."—C. C. Sexton, in Grand Rapids Democrat, 1870.

Col. Foster says the most pleasant years of his life were spent in Grand Rapids. His pleasure was uncomparable to that of the crooks whom he lambasted before he sold the Post and moved to Fort Wayne.

The next time we buy a load of wood at $5 or $5.50 we are going to pay the man in pennies, and then he'll have a bigger load going home than he had coming in.—W. B. Weston, in Chronicle, 1915.

Reporter John H. Finn has returned from a fishing trip. John says he has too much conscience to inflict any improbable fish stories on his friends. —Grand Rapids Democrat, July 6, 1895.

The statement that a mosquito dies very soon after feeding on human blood is verified by a man who caught one of them at it.—Fred J. Adams in Grand Rapids Democrat, Aug. 3, 1890.

Those who were going north last week for a change of climate had only to stay at home and the change came to them, wrote Thomas W. Fletcher, in Grand Rapids Democrat July 1, 1895.

E. A. Stowe wrote his first copy for the Grand Rapids Democrat. It matters not whether the copy was an account of a run-a-way or a dog fight —it was a good report.

John Bailey Mills declined to accept a tender of the presidency of Dartmouth college. Mr. Mills says the salary offered was too high.

On July 1, 1920, L. G. Stuart laid aside his pencil and reluctantly commenced the use of the typewriter in preparing copy.

An ex-editor who is now an insurance agent has the following sign outside his office: "For Sale, a two-hole shotgun."

Twenty-five years ago William M. Hathaway taught penmanship. E. A. Stowe and L. G. Stuart were his students.

Senator Smith the president of the Herald Company was introduced to the city editor of the Herald recently.

In 1870 Thomas W. Fletcher refused a tempting offer to become the editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate.

Don't be a saint in the church and a heathen on the street car, wrote W. B. Weston, 1895.

On July 4, 1895, William Alden Smith delivered the oration at Saginaw.

"A politician is a man who always cheers for the winner."—E. A. Stowe.

THE MINISTER LED IN PRAYER

For more than a century jokes have been published at the expense of non-paying subscribers and the impecunious publisher. Most of such jokes are "stale, flat and unprofitable". At the risk of offending the patience and forbearance of the old editors the following is submitted for their condemnation:

A preacher at the close of one of his sermons said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Presently every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet.

The preacher seated them and said:

"Now every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a careworn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in his last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.

"How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "you are the only man not able to meet his obligations?"

"I run a newspaper," he answered, "and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers, and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.

BEES AND HONEY

A Jew left his home in Grand Rapids and settled in California. Two years later he returned and boasted over his accumulation of $100,000. A friend asked "how did you make so much money?" "I bought swarms of bees, and sold the honey they produced," he replied. The Jew who asked the question moved to California. Two years later he returned and said he had made $200,000. "How did you make it?" he was asked. "I crossed bees with lightning bugs and they worked days and nights."

So it is in the newspaper business. By working days and nights the average publisher may win a moderate measure of success.

Utley's Recollections

In 1878 I took the order for the first type writing machine used in Grand Rapids, of a young man named McGurrin. Later he earned the record for

the fastest typewriting work done in the United States.

"If my memory serves me right you (A. S. W.) are the oldest of the living editors of Grand Rapids. You walked past Hinsdill's bookstore one summer day in 1865 with that smaller but dark little fellow, whose name has escaped me. You had come to Grand Rapids as local editor of the Democrat, not a well printed paper, but well edited locally. I can not remember L. G. Stuart as an editor. As I remember him he was a circulator of the Eagle.—W. R. Utley, Chicago.

A Mean Trick

A newspaper reporter, who was inclined to be lazy in his method of picking up news, met a brother reporter who was as keen as the other was lazy. "Anything doing?" asked the lazy one. "I have a report that a man was choked to death in a restaurant but I haven't learned his name yet," replied the other. "How did it happen?" asked the reporter, eagerly scenting copy. "He was eating a piece of horse meat," was the reply, "and someone said 'Whoa!'"

"Yes, He Did!"

Judged by his quiet demeanor one would not imagine that Lou Stuart, for a number of years, wrote heavy editorials for the Herald. When the occasion demanded a vigorous expression of his convictions, he purchased a fresh supply of stub pens and a quart bottle of ink.

A Prediction

When he leaves the bank Charley Garfield will buy an outfit and operate the "Archimedian lever that moves the world."